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★ **SPECIAL BOOK NUMBER**

★ **WHO RUNS THE AMERICAN LEGION?**

★ **TESTIFYING ON UMT**

BY HENRY WALLACE

15¢

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Books for Today

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By Russell Lord

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By James Maxwell

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE NEXT PRESIDENT will be one of these four men, short of a last-minute Democratic-Eisenhower miracle: Vandenberg, Stassen, Dewey or Taft. Taft has ability and integrity but is hopelessly parochial. Dewey is a clever opportunist who went through 1947 without committing himself on a single controversial issue. Vandenberg jumped from the isolationist to the internationalist bandwagon in 1945 and has since been leading the band very nicely; he has a mediocre domestic record. In contrast to these three, Stassen appears a good deal more liberal than he is.

Recent primaries show Republicans seeking candor and internationalism in their leadership, with preference for Stassen. But our unrepresentative system of government will very likely bilk the voters. Bosses, not voters, nominate candidates. Don't forget Taft's Southern delegates at the nominating convention; or that, in a deadlock, Taft and Dewey would prefer a "regular" like Vandenberg to "another Willkie" like Stassen.

The Democratic situation is not dissimilar. The voters obviously don't want Truman, but what have the voters to do with it? If the party machine gives Truman to the delegates, he will be the nominee.

All this partly explains why Washington is what it is. Our governmental system includes quaint factors. Millions can't vote. Most congressmen can't finance campaigns and must depend on rich backers. Under a system of block-voting by states, minorities don't count. Presidential candidates are selected by bosses who may (or may not) consider popular wishes. Parties are organized not on principles, but on personalities, and the chief difference between Democrats and Republicans often is that one is "out," the other "in." Why are Congresses so often stupid? Consider how they are picked. Why are Presidents so often mediocre? Remember how they are selected.

You would think that by now both political parties had pretty well proved they were anti-Communist. But the GOP thinks it can squeeze some more juice out of that lemon for the election. This accounts for the continued attack on Dr. Edward U. Condon of the National Bureau of Standards. The Republicans want to demonstrate that they alone will drive "subversives" out of government employment.

Accordingly, the Thomas Un-American Activities Committee is delighted that the Commerce Department won't surrender the loyalty report the FBI made to it on Condon. They figure that they have brought the whole Administration under fire.

Justice Goldsborough's courtroom was jammed for John L. Lewis last week. Inside, it was spacious, airy and dignified, with only one concession to the crowded press—a couple of decorous amplifiers that faded into the rich walnut finish. The judge wore a black robe and a wild necktie that looked as though it had been colored with Easter-egg dyes. He was calm, impersonal and casually authoritative. There never seemed a doubt about his decision. As for Lewis, he looked gray and older—he begins to show his age. As always, he was acting a part: this time of leonine boredom.

No penalty to Lewis can obscure the central fact that an all-out drive for pensions for workers has now started. All the Lewis melodrama and the preposterous play to Republican Party hacks Joe Martin and Styles Bridges can't hide that point. Pensions for miners will spread to other industries. A good many people think it would be better if these were federally col-

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THE DRAFT

WILL THIS BE THE ENTERING WEDGE FOR MILITARY RULE IN THE U.S.?

The daily press and radio alike are going all out on the "Cold War." If the Draft and/or UMT are adopted, the threat of war may be increased rather than lessened. Only through a strong UN world police, and disarmament can war be prevented.

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lected as a form of social security for all workers, instead of being assessed as a sort of private tax on a particular product going only to the strongest trade unions. Lewis is a conservative Republican and would probably attack the first system as "socialistic." The present Congress seems to agree and is taking mean little bites at social security wherever it can. The alternative to a comprehensive, modern social-security system, however, is a series of individual benefits to the aristocrats of labor.

Nobody pays much attention to inflation warnings any more. The President's Council of Economic Advisers just keeps saying mildly that something "must" be done; last week we watched Marriner Eccles make his last appearance as spokesman for the Federal Reserve Board before a congressional committee. He stated simply that the tax cut, by eliminating the prospect of a large budgetary surplus, had removed the last big anti-inflationary force. The Reserve Board, he said quietly, "has no power now to control bank-credit expansion." Taft said, "I agree there is apt to be some further increase in prices," but he didn't seem prepared to do anything about it.

This tax matter is an example of what a conservative Congress means. First, excess-profits taxes are removed; then price controls; then $4.8 billion in income-tax reductions is handed out, the lion's share going to the wealthy, who have benefited most by inflation. Heigh-ho for more Cadillacs, swimming pools and yachts while workers' mass purchasing power gradually dries up.

Notes: Five members of the autocratic House Rules Committee have bottled up the bill for US adherence to the UN World Health Organization; to America's shame, 27 nations started WHO without us. . . . The increasingly daring utilities' lobby is now openly attacking the TVA. . . . US housewives spent the equivalent of 12,000 years in 1947, it is estimated, coloring oleomargarine.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 17, ISSUE 1743, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 26, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

HORRENDOUS

"The terrorizing chant of a thousand voices rose to a shriek in the jungle night as the frenzy of the Surachii cannibals rose to an insane height. . . . What chance did the jungle goddess have. . . ?"

Darn little, we thought, reading Zoot Comics. And still less now that Police Commissioner Harry Toy of Detroit is back on the job. He says the comic books that sell two million copies a month to Detroit kids are "loaded with communistic teachings."

Come to think of it, Dick Tracy has been sort of rough on Big Boy; Alley Oop is after pirates again and Superman is still talking about justice. Maybe Toy's got onto something—from his point of view.

Toy, you remember (the *NR*, April 5), is the cop who worries about Soviet agents disguised as Jewish rabbis and thinks that radicals ought to be shot, jailed or kicked out of the country. We're sure Detroit's kids are safe in his tender hands.

THE KKK MARCHES

ATLANTA, GA. (NR correspondent)

Samuel Green, Grand Dragon, has announced that the Ku Klux Klan "will support for Governor the man who will return Georgia to the white people." At the first meeting this year of his Atlanta Klavern No. 1, he called for the creation of a KKK-PAC that would combine canvassing for Herman Talmadge (old Gene's son) and Klan-building.

With the Klan backing up its intention with a political-organization drive, it looks as if Georgia is in for more Klan and Talmadge trouble. Unfortunately, the State Supreme Court last month handed over the state Democratic Party to Talmadge, and the present Governor, M. E. Thompson, is about as popular with the voters as Harry Truman.

A ringleader in the Southern Governors' revolt against the Truman civil-rights program, the Governor, by his efforts to out-Talmadge Talmadge, has created a climate in which the Klan is regaining its stranglehold on the state. With more than 100 klaverns chartered since the war, the Klan has now launched a membership drive to have a klavern in every county by September 1, the week before the state's Democratic primary.

A dark horse in the race for Governor is the Reverend Joseph Rabun, ex-Marine chaplain who was deprived of his pastorate last year for denouncing the Talmadge putsch. Attacking the Talmadge white-primary bill before the legislature, he said, "Our fight must be for right supremacy, not white supremacy."

Thus far, Rabun's support has come from labor, liberal and Negro groups, but not even they are united. And these supporters are largely concentrated in the cities. There are few liberals and unionists out in the rural areas, and economic sanctions and other barriers keep Negroes from voting. This makes Rabun's chances slight, since under the state's county-unit system, the rural sections have relatively more weight than the populous urban districts. Splitting the anti-Talmadge vote between two candidates ordinarily assures a Talmadge victory.

Nevertheless, the presence of Rabun in the field is significant. There hasn't been such an outspoken advocate of interracial democracy in the South since the days of Populism. His candidacy is itself sowing seeds of progress. Georgia, too, has a choice.

Exactly

FROM the "roving reporter" column in the *Westporter-Herald*, Westport, Connecticut:

Question: Do you object to the Wallace supporters' use of YMCA or local schoolrooms for their meetings?

Answer (by G. Rogers Porter): Let me answer your question in this way. A minority should never be construed as, or become, public opinion. I do not think that a minority should ever be represented as such in a manner as to permit the minority voice to become public opinion. When a group is a minority, it is placed in the position of having an expression which invariably is interpreted as general, and this should not be the case.

RUBBER GRAB

The Rubber Act of 1948, recently signed into law by President Truman, sets the stage for a gigantic grab by the Big Four of the American rubber industry—Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone and US Rubber. By the terms of the measure, as sponsored by Senator John W. Bricker (R, Ohio), during the next few years private manufacturers are given the means of taking over much of the huge synthetic-rubber plant developed during the war at an expense of hundreds of millions of dollars, and operated profitably by the government during the postwar period, despite the fact that the rubber industry was being reconverted to the natural product.

The synthetic-rubber industry was created by the government at a cost of $700 million to meet the wartime emergency presented by Japan's seizure of the areas of Asia which had been the sources of the US supply of the

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How Stassen Took Nebraska

OMAHA (NR correspondent)

HAROLD STASSEN'S audacity in running well ahead of the field in both the Wisconsin and Nebraska preferential primaries is sure to start a "Stop Stassen" movement.

The next test will be on Senator Taft's home ground, Ohio, on May 4, where Stassen is trying to win 23 of the state's 53 delegates to the Republican Convention. Since Stassen showed his strength in the Nebraska and Wisconsin races largely in agricultural sections, the Taft organization hopes to beat him in the Ohio industrial areas where he has chosen to challenge the Senator. Stassen is counting on labor's hatred of the author of the Taft-Hartley Act.

Stassen, Dewey and Taft actively campaigned in Nebraska. Little or no campaigning was done for any of the other four candidates (MacArthur, Vandenberg, Warren and Joe Martin), none of whom so much as put in an appearance.

Opposed by Senator Butler's machine—which supported Taft—Stassen built one of his own, importing many of his own Minnesota professionals and crossing them with Nebraska amateurs, who flocked to his support. So many Minnesotans came to Nebraska that Butler sputtered about carpetbaggers.

Stassen dwelt strongly on his proposal to outlaw the Communist Party. He continued to call for revision of the UN Charter to restrict the veto. He endorsed, as did Taft and Dewey, the Pick-Sloan plan for the development of the Missouri Valley, and set forth a farm program which "should not include government control over the farms of our nation."

Toward the close of his campaign, Dewey came near disaster. For he nearly lost the vote of all good dog lovers. He was speaking in Alliance. A Boston terrier wandered into the auditorium, scampered around a bit, creating confusion. In some manner, the Associated Press sent out the story that Dewey, irked by the disturbance, had asked that the dog be tossed out on his ear. Dewey managers apparently felt that dog fanciers would resent the story. For the Governor asked, and obtained, something in the way of a correction. As printed in the Omaha *World-Herald*, here is what Dewey did say when the pup distracted the audience's attention:

"Hello. Would you like to come up and join us?"

Then he added: "He's just like the Boston terrier I had as a boy in Owosso, Michigan. His name was Ponto of Never, Never Land."

But "Ponto of Nebraska" didn't care to sit on the rostrum with Dewey dignitaries. Instead, he ran away. Whether the correction caught up with the story is conjectural. Perhaps "Ponto" affected the course of history that day in Alliance.

As the campaign neared its close, presidential aspirants popped up in communities which seldom see a Governor or a US Senator. Stassen and Dewey accommodated the autograph seekers without stint.

Martha Taft, who campaigns with ease, had to provide the "human touch" for her husband. "Don't call me Senator, call me Bob" advertisements appeared in his behalf. Most persons continued to call him Senator. Martha gave Nebraskans a show, however. She stumped the state simultaneously with her husband, but on a different itinerary. Nebraska seemed to like Martha.

Taft, in addition to having the support of the Butler organization, was on firm ground in Nebraska, where an anti-closed-shop amendment to the state's constitution was adopted by a two-to-one vote. As some politicians remarked: "If Taft can't win in Nebraska, he can't win anywhere."

natural product. It was protected by a law requiring that at least one-third of the composition of all tires manufactured (72.6 percent of US rubber consumption) be synthetic. But the wartime improvisation was so successful both in technological and business terms that between September 1, 1945, and September 30, 1947, the government showed an operating profit of $110 million on its synthetic-rubber activities.

Private business found the field so attractive that synthetic-rubber plants which were declared surplus were snapped up despite the fact that the factories involved were the least efficient ones in the new industry. Prices averaging from 20 to 30 percent of original cost made them bargains. One plant that had been built at a cost of $12 million sold for less than $4 million.

When the law empowering the government to continue synthetic-rubber production was about to expire, a House Armed Services Subcommittee spent several months studying a substitute that would keep the industry alive for reasons of military strategy. The head of the subcommittee, Representative Paul W. Shafer (R, Mich.), drew up a bill that would have left the plants in government hands. But Bricker, a good friend of the Big Four, all of whom have headquarters in Akron, Ohio, managed to get the measure sent to the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, of which he is a member. There he proceeded to kill the entire House bill and replace it by one that provided for immediate sale of the plants to the big private companies, at prices which mean a tremendous loss to Uncle Sam.

In conference, Shafer was able to modify but not to kill the Bricker plan. The final bill leaves a nucleus of 665,000 tons' capacity in government hands until June, 1950. Plants not needed to meet this capacity will be sold at once for about 25 cents on the dollar in order to develop "a free, competitive synthetic-rubber industry." How free it will be in the hands of the Big Four

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can be judged from the fact that these companies are now under indictment for combination in restraint of trade and other violations of the anti-trust laws.

WE WON'T JOIN

The World Health Organization, a subsidiary of the UN, has now been approved by 27 nations, including the USSR, and will be set up formally at Geneva in June.

The US, originally a sponsor and strong supporter, has done little to bring WHO into actual being. Some time ago the Senate approved a joint resolution for US adherence to WHO, which was worked out at the San Francisco UN Conference and organized on an interim basis in New York. The House Foreign Affairs Committee held extensive hearings last summer at which major US health organizations gave their enthusiastic support. The committee voted approval, but when it came to putting up the money, the GOP machine wasn't willing to back words with action. And now, the House Rules Committee has tabled the resolution "indefinitely."

Representative Leo Allen (R, Ill.), chairman of the committee, explained that a majority of the members were more interested in tax cuts than in having "our American doctors running around the world doctoring two billion people." The US share of the cost of WHO would be the gigantic sum of $2.4 million.

GOOD NEWS FROM TEXAS

SAN ANTONIO (NR correspondent)

San Antonio politicians are frantically searching for a way to invalidate the election of G. J. Sutton, a Negro undertaker and member of Henry Wallace's New Party organization, to the board of the all-white San Antonio Junior College. This is believed to be the first election of a Negro to a countywide office since the poll tax took effect in Texas in 1933. The president of the college board, W. W. McAllister, has asked county and district judges to check the accuracy of the 79-vote margin Sutton scored on the voting machines.

Sutton was elected by a coalition of Negro and Latin American votes which also swept Gus Garcia, an attorney, onto the San Antonio Independent School District Board. Garcia, who is attorney for the League of United Latin American Citizens, was high man among seven candidates for two places on the public-school board. He also defeated an incumbent supported by the county machine. This is the first time that either board has had a Negro or Latin American member. (Latin American is the term used in San Antonio for US citizens of Mexican ancestry.)

Latin Americans make up 53 percent of the population of San Antonio. Negroes make up only eight percent. In the past, both the Negro and Latin American votes have been "delivered" by racial bosses and Catholic leaders to the city and county political machines, and the school coalition was the first attempt these people have made to elect a ticket from their own ranks.

Negroes will play an unusual part in this year's election elsewhere in Texas, too. The Reverend Stacy Adams, leading Negro politician and the only Negro Democratic precinct chairman in Dallas, has resigned that position to become vice-chairman of the Wallace Committee in Texas. Adams explained that although he had been an elected officer of the Democratic Party, he had never been an actual part of it, that the white leaders did not even tell him when meetings were held. (Herman Wright, a young Houston labor lawyer, easily won out as chairman of the Wallace Committee because he alone could meet the requirement that the Wallace leader in the state must own and be able to fly a plane so as to cover the vast territory.) Negroes are perhaps 10 percent of the two million paid-up poll taxers in the state this year, and 25 percent of the total in Harris County, Texas' most populous. When the Wallace party holds its founding convention in Houston, Negro Texans will have a chance to attend the first unsegregated statewide political meeting in state history. Something has been started which will have far-reaching consequences.

HIGH COTTON

Even for the cotton-textile industry, known for speaking out of both sides of its mouth at once, the present program was something to excite Washington wonder.

The industry had long blamed high clothing prices on the high price of cotton. Last week, Washington observers were amazed to find textile-industry spokesmen lobbying for a government program of sales of raw cotton to Japan, on condition that the Japanese textiles be sold in the Far East. Ordinarily, you don't find manufactur-

"They wanna know how we feel about Dewey."

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ers campaigning for something which means that their own raw materials will be more scarce. The point was, of course, that with an ample supply of raw cotton in this country, the industry was afraid that cotton prices might go down. This would not only take away their excuse for high prices and high profits, but would also cut the value of their inventories.

The prospect of a government-supported export market was one of the factors in keeping the price of raw cotton high even while other commodities were sagging. Last week, cotton was the only commodity selling at prices above those before the February break. And again, last week, announcing that textile prices would be the same or higher for fall orders, the mill owners blamed the high price of raw cotton.

AFTER EASTER

The first casualty of the ERP-rearmament-tax-cut inflationary pressure was the after-Easter sales. Many a housewife, driven away from store counters by high pre-Easter prices, had confidently expected that, after Easter, goods would be marked down within her reach. Many a storekeeper had thought so, too, as unit volume dropped off in the pre-holiday weeks and inventories continued to accumulate on the shelves.

Last week, all bets were off. In the first place, manufacturers of many lines announced that prices for summer and fall goods might be higher. This discouraged store buyers from unloading their present stocks, since replacements would probably cost even more. Meanwhile, in anticipation of a new spending boom created by the tax cut, storekeepers are confident that customers will again have the cash to buy.

At present prices, consumers still could not buy enough goods to keep factories going at capacity. Last week New Hampshire, typical consumer-goods industrial area, announced that unemployment had reached the highest figure in a year. Shoe plants and cotton and woolen mills accounted for the declining payrolls.

BEHIND THE BOGOT

BOGOTA (NR correspondent)

IN POINT OF physical violence and destruction of property, the outbreak here last Friday made the biggest news from South America in many years. The fact that the explosion of popular wrath, touching off long-smoldering opposition to the Colombian government, took place in the presence of the 500 delegates to the Inter-American Conference, including Secretary Marshall and 20 other foreign ministers, gave it great added significance.

Some of us—the foreign correspondents—happened to be in the midst of the turmoil. As we were walking out of the Friday meeting of the conference, a man dashed past us shouting that Jorge Eliecer Gaitan, the enormously popular head of the Liberal Party, had been assassinated while leaving his downtown office for lunch. As we dashed through the two blocks separating the Capitol from the Hotel Astor, we watched terrifying spectacles of firing, looting and the deliberate destruction of street cars, stores and government buildings.

Several aspects of the situation of general violence, as we saw it from the start, were particularly revealing. In the first place, there was the attitude of the policemen guarding the gorgeous Capitol building. Previously they had insisted on strict identification of delegates before allowing them to enter the building where the conference was taking place. However, when the mobs surged through the entrance, the policemen made way without even a show of resistance. What followed was an orgy of destruction of material worth millions.

We also happened to be across the street from the presidential palace at the moment the rioters arrived at this point, dragging with them the naked, battered body of Dr. Gaitan's assassin. This body was kept on public display in front of the palace until the morning of Saturday. The significance of this gesture was unmistakable. Reminiscent of the public exhibition in the square in Milan of Benito Mussolini's body after his execution by Partisans, it showed the intensity of popular resentment against the Conservative President Mariano Ospina Perez.

Several things can be said at once about the outbreak. In the first place, it was provoked by the present Conservative government. In the second place, whoever else may have taken advantage of the confusion, the insurrection was primarily the work of the Liberal Party, of which Dr. Gaitan had been head. Finally, the explosion of wrath caused by the murder of Dr. Gaitan provided the unexpected spark that set off an uprising that otherwise might have taken another form and would certainly have been less violent and widespread in its effects.

For sixteen years, until 1946, the Liberal Party had consistently won control of the government by large majorities. In that year, the present Conservative President was elected only because of a division among the voters opposed to him. Serious political trouble, long brewing because of the oppressive tactics of Ospina Perez, began to take form several weeks ago when the President ousted the Liberals who had been serving in a coalition cabinet. Not content with replacing them by Conservatives, the President named as head of the cabinet the notorious reactionary, Laureano Gomez.

Thereupon Ospina Perez embarked on a small-scale reign of

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JPRISING

terror. Every day Liberals were shot down—the daily average during the last few weeks was reported to be 20. Tension mounted hourly and the climax came with the murder of a man universally beloved by the common people. The news ran through the city like wildfire. The murderer was at once generally assumed to be a tool of the Conservatives and the fact that Ospina Perez called him a Communist did not help matters.

Of one fact there seems little doubt: though the murder of Dr. Gaitan provided the spark, the tinder had been prepared in advance. Within a short time after the assassination, demonstrators were passing out pistols and knives from baskets that appeared to have been hidden at strategic points. Gasoline with which to burn public buildings also must have been secreted in advance at convenient places.

How large a part Communist agitation played in intensifying and directing the mob fury may never be fully known. What is plain, however, is that the Communists had an interest in transforming a local insurrection against the brutality of an oppressor into a demonstration of large size and greater meaning.

Many Liberal leaders here do not think it took Communists to fan the flames of unbridled anger into insurrection. They say the bloody oppression of the last few weeks would have been enough. The US State Department apparently takes another view. And it was plainly on the briefing it furnished to Secretary Marshall that he laid the blame squarely at Moscow's door.

According to this version, the outbreak was the signal for an invasion of Bogota by Communists from all parts of Latin America. Known organizers flew here from Havana, Caracas, Lima and Quito. It was reported that the airplane tickets for these Communist agitators were in each case paid for by the Argentine Embassy.

Though the Argentines don't love Communists, in this case they were ready to use them because Buenos Aires and Moscow—for different reasons—share a desire to undermine US prestige. The Soviets want to make the US lose face because of the US-USSR duel in Europe. The Argentines want to pave the way for their own domination of the southern continent.

Unfortunately, US policy and performance have made it easier for Colonel Peron's henchmen to spread disruptive talk, old hands here point out. When the Rio conference was held last year, the US was eager to limit it primarily to matters of hemispheric defense, and the other American republics agreed only on the US promise that desperately pressing economic problems would get a thorough airing at Bogota. It was small wonder that the delegates here sat on their hands when Marshall brought word that $500 million had been added to the lending power of the Export-Import Bank for Latin America.

The Latinos, of course, were acutely aware of the catches involved in Export-Import financing. The bank approves only commercial-industrial projects that it considers financially sound, and there is no room for agriculture—the continent's prime need. In addition, these US loans almost never filter down to the level where plain, stark hunger is the constant problem, and in general their benefits don't affect a significant number of men and women. Finally, even the Latin American bankers and industrialists who would normally profit sniffed at Marshall's announcement—for the simple reason that the goods they might buy in the US aren't available at present.

People in the know here agree that Senator Vandenberg and other Republican congressional leaders must share the blame with Marshall for the lack of a sound Latin American policy and for the money to back it up. Apparently neither Congress nor the US public is much interested in Latin America. So the Latinos have seen the US break promises of real economic assistance, made during each of the two world wars, and by now cynicism about the real intentions of the US is both widespread and deep.

Couple that cynicism and suspicion with social unrest, also deep and widespread, and you have an ugly situation. While the Bogota outbreak was on a larger scale, it actually fitted in with a series of similar troubles, real or potential, in many Latin American countries.

Behind all this unrest there may be some Communists, but infinitely more important is the tragic fact that the masses in every country are suffering poverty, hunger and neglect, and that they no longer look for leadership to a progressive, farsighted Washington.

Ironically, if the Communists played any large part in the trouble here, they have unwittingly been the means of saving Marshall from defeat at the conference. In the opening days many of the delegates, shocked by the US attitude of callous indifference to the plight of their countries, were in no mood to agree to the kind of anti-Communist pact the US had in mind. Now even the Peronistas may go along with Marshall and sign a pact with teeth in it. This would mean an agreement providing for an official exchange of information on such matters as the identity and movements of Communist agents.

Such a pact won't hide the US failure to encourage work on the grave social and economic issues disrupting our hemisphere. US policy, as well as Bogota, is in ruins.

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

On Testifying in Washington

OFF AND ON for 20 years, I have testified before members of the Senate. It is always an interesting experience, because most Senators reflect so clearly the opinions held by their constituents a year earlier.

It was therefore a frightening thing to me to testify before the Armed Services Committee on March 30. These men were reflecting fear: fear of their own consciences, fear of their constituents, and fear of Russia.

There was, for example, Lister Hill of Alabama, whom I first met 21 years ago, and with whom I used to work closely on progressive agricultural legislation. His face was gray and drawn when he asked if I didn't think Soviet Russia was as bad as Hitler Germany. And he was only one of several to put the same question.

In reply to Senator Hill I made a statement, to which little or no attention was paid in the press. I asked the Senator to let the Army, in its publication, *Our Ally, Russia* (1945), answer the question whether Soviet Russia is as bad as Nazi Germany. I then read the following from the Army's text:

Some people, who talk faster than they think, would say yes. After all, both are dictatorships.

But there are many differences, and they happen to be the important differences. The Nazi idea is that Germany, and the whole world, must be ruled by a little clique of greedy men for the benefit of a small group. This clique never intends to relinquish its power. It is not interested in improving the lot of the ordinary people. It is interested only in war, plunder and world power.

The Soviet idea is that the dictatorship must serve the people. There is no "master race" idea in the Soviet Union; all people are considered equal. Working conditions were constantly being improved before the war, at a time when the Nazis were ruthlessly destroying the German labor unions and turning their own people into slave laborers. The Soviet government raised the status of women to equality with men, while the Nazis considered women fit only to breed children. The Soviet government increased the number of school children by 400 percent, and of college students by 800 percent, while the Nazis cut the number of students in Germany by more than half.

The Soviet government has as its goal the building of a better, happier country for its people. The Nazi government has as its goal the building of a powerful war machine that will plunder the world to enrich Germany.

I then asked the Senators whether the Army meant this statement in 1945, or was just putting out special propaganda. I was assured by a member of the committee that the Army was sincere. Lister Hill commented that Russia has changed since the Army made that statement.

Senator Raymond Baldwin of Connecticut hammered again and again on the theme that Russia was just as aggressive as Germany, and quoted my own statements with regard to Nazi Germany in the 1940 campaign; he asked if I didn't think those statements applied just as well to the Soviet Union today.

I said repeatedly that it was not my purpose to apologize for Russia, but that I did think—agreeing with the Army—there was a great difference between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany. I said, furthermore, that even if Russia were as bad as some of the Senators thought, there still was no excuse for the present foreign policy of the United States.

Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon wanted to know if it was not the purpose of Russia and communism to dominate the world, and quoted the views of a well-known Red-baiter as being his own. I agreed with him that Lenin and Stalin had made extreme statements during the twenties, but suggested that they had been influenced by the millions of Russian lives that had been lost as a result of the civil war in which the counter-revolutionaries had been armed and supplied by England, France, the US and other nations.

Again and again I argued that it was important to be guided by the peace possibilities of the future rather than the war provocations of the past. I pointed out the evidence suggesting that Stalin has abandoned the idea of world revolution and has determined to modernize Russian agriculture and industrialize without outside financing. In doing so, he has, of course, sacrificed many human rights. Without defending the methods used, I said that the Russian success in this endeavor has probably saved the lives of millions of American young men. I said that Stalin's statements to Werth (Alexander Werth, then Moscow correspondent of the Sunday *Times* of London), Stassen and Elliott Roosevelt had convinced me that he believes it is now possible to work out a *modus vivendi* between the two systems without war.

During most of the discussion, no one would have guessed that I was testifying on the draft and compulsory military training. But that was as it should be, because there wouldn't have to be any draft or compulsory military training if it were not for the incendiary Truman Doctrine.

It is one of the greatest world tragedies of all time that the Senators do not realize what so many of their constituents now understand—that the Truman Doctrine cannot be enforced, even at the cost af $25 billion a year, and even with the draft and compulsory military training thrown in.

Henry A Wallace

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WHO RUNS THE LEGION?

It's no coincidence that the organization which speaks for 3.3 million American Legionnaires sounds suspiciously like the NAM

by Justin Gray

In the first of three articles, Justin Gray, former Assistant Director of the American Legion's National Americanism Commission, begins the inside story of the small group of leaders which has consistently directed that organization into the paths of big-business ultra-conservatism.

A former Yank correspondent, the author is now with the UE (CIO) in Chicago. His book, The Inside Story of the Legion, will be published by Boni and Gaer this summer.

ON DECEMBER 3, 1946, the Board of Directors of the National Association of Manufacturers met in New York and adopted and publicized "NAM policies" for 1947. In addition to a balanced budget and drastically slashed income taxes, the NAM recommended:

- Legislation outlawing industry-wide wage standards and seven specified kinds of strikes;
- Abolition of the closed shop;
- Repeal of legal protection of the right to strike except "when the majority of employees in the bargaining unit, by secret ballot under impartial supervision, have voted for a strike in preference to acceptance of the latest offer of the employer";
- Removal of all wartime government controls on business.

Exactly 30 days after the NAM announced its program, the Washington office of the American Legion issued a mimeographed press release itemizing some of the conclusions of "a survey of veterans' opinions." A majority of "10,000 young veterans," according to the release, had declared themselves in favor of:

- Legislation to curb unions "from doing many of the things they now do";
- Abolition of legal protection for the closed shop;
- Government supervision of union elections;
- Decontrol of the housing industry and no "government entry into private business."

Although I was working at the American Legion's national headquarters in Indianapolis throughout the period during which the survey was supposedly being made, I never heard of it until I read a news story in Hearst's Chicago *Herald-American*. Neither did any one of the dozens of Legion officers and employees with whom I did business.

Yet no one seemed to wonder about the amazing similarity between opinions purported to be typical of 14 million American veterans, and the program of the 16,500 member firms of the NAM.

An equally dramatic example of American Legion "service" to the cause of business is offered by the manner in which the Legion leaders affiliated themselves with the real-estate and banking lobbies to fight against an effective national housing program. The scuttling of the Veterans' Emergency Housing Program (the Wyatt-Patman Act) and the T-E-W (Taft-Ellender-Wagner) bill is well known. Unpublicized, however, was the Legion's coöperation with the real-estate interests during the framing of the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944—the so-called GI Bill of Rights.

Under the influence of the real-estate lobby, the Legion insisted that administration of the home-financing phases of the GI bill be placed within the jurisdiction of the Veterans' Administration, thereby effecting a complete duplication of existing facilities.

The Legion brass and the real-estate men wanted this home-financing section where they could control it. And the Veterans' Administration, then under General Frank T. Hines, was closely tied to the American Legion.

In 1945, when the GI bill came up for revision, the Legion lobby again took up the cudgels. The original GI bill read that loans would be made to veterans for property which did not exceed the "reasonable normal value" as determined by the appraiser. But in a real-estate market of tremendously inflated values, the banking institutions objected to making loans to veterans on property appraised at only its "normal" value.

A special two-day conference was called between Legion officials and those interested in amending the GI bill. Participating, as recorded in testimony given before the House Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation, were representatives of the American Bankers' Association, the United States Savings and Loan League, the National Savings and Loan League, the Mortgage Bankers' Association of America, the National Asssociation of Home Builders, the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the Morris Plan Bank, and others. No representative of any labor or consumer group was invited.

The Legion lobbyists went to work. They testified before the congressional committee in favor of an amendment to the GI bill which would omit the word "normal" from the original phrase, "reasonable normal value." The amendment became law, and for the GI looking for a place to live, "reasonable value" turned out to mean "whatever the traffic will bear."

In the field of labor relations, the American Legion has served as both the mailed fist and the "mass voice" of big business. The history of the Legion's strike-breaking and vigilante activities is well documented in the an-

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nual reports of the American Civil Liberties Union. The record substantiates the contention of *Time* magazine that "ever since the Centralia, Washington, massacre of 1919, the nation's most potent strike-breaking force has been the American Legion."

Today, the Legion fights labor not so much on the picket line as in the halls of Congress. Legion leaders openly advocated both the Case anti-labor bill and the Taft-Hartley Act. Previously they had hacked away at labor's most important single gain of the past decades—*the seniority system*—using the gimmick of veterans' "super-seniority" over all other workers. The device was conceived by Paul H. Griffith, National Commander in 1947.

The Legion's eager hewing to the "NAM line" is no coincidence. From its inception, the American Legion has been dominated by big businessmen with big business interests. Over the past 30 years, 19 of the 29 men who served as National Commanders were directly affiliated with large corporations.

An analysis of the Legion's top national standing committees shows a similar overwhelming predominance of men who are by the very nature of their personal business and financial connections intimately associated with the NAM. The Commission on Postwar America—one of the Legion's most important committees, which was set up during the war to investigate the problems of postwar adjustment—is typical. In addition to Louis Johnson of General Aniline, a former National Commander, this commission includes:

¶ S. Toof Brown, a director in J. P. Morgan's Memphis Street Railway Company;

¶ Willard H. Dow, president and director of the Dow Chemical Company;

¶ Walter Hoving, former president and director of the Associated Dry Goods Corporation —J. P. Morgan's interest in the retail field;

¶ J. R. Parten, president of the Independent Producers' Association (petroleum);

¶ Eddie Rickenbacker, president and general manager of Eastern Air Lines, which is controlled jointly by W. R. Grace; Kuhn, Loeb; and Rockefeller;

¶ Juan Trippe, president of Pan American Airways and a director of the Chrysler Corporation and Metropolitan Life.

These big-business leaders did not gain control of the American Legion by accident. All early official Legion histories state that the American Legion was first organized by Theodore Roosevelt Jr. in 1919, following the Armistice. Actually, however, the Legion was first formed in 1915—two full years before the US entered the First World War. The Legion's original formation seems to have been induced by fear of the rising tide of trade unionism and "radicalism," fear of the social reforms of the Wilson administration, fear of new ideas which war might generate in the minds of potential veterans.

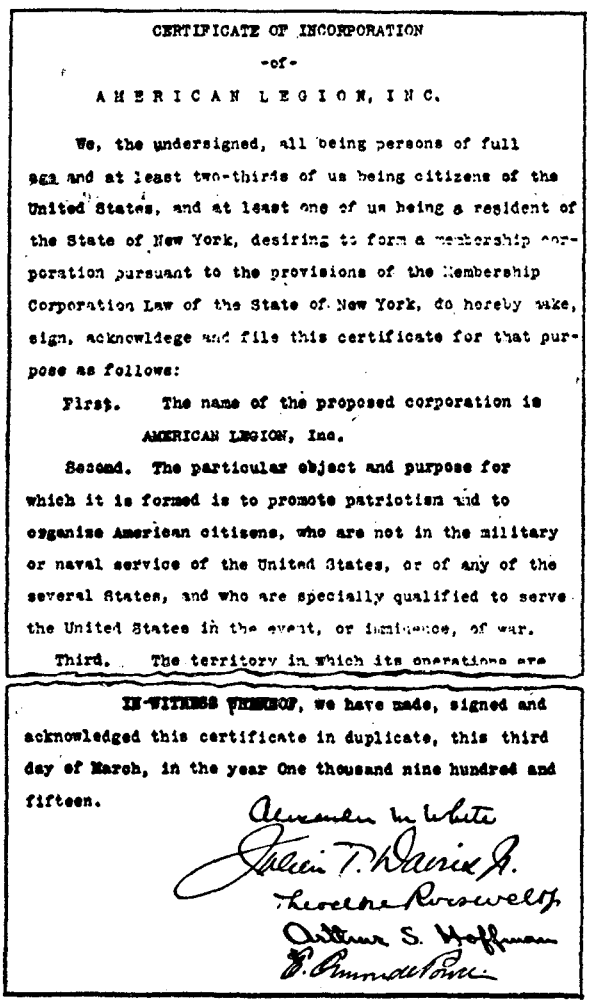
Confirming this viewpoint is the direct financial support which the American business world gave the Legion during the first months of its official life. Promising an organization which would offset radicalism and trade unionism, the founders of the Legion apportioned quotas to businessmen in various cities and states throughout the nation.

While it is known that big business contributed in excess of $300,000 to the Legion in the early months, the Legion leadership has always been extremely sensitive about this early financing and has consistently refused to divulge the names of those who gave or loaned the money.

Obtaining financial aid from big business has not been limited to the Legion's early days. In 1943, for instance, the Legion leaders accepted an offer from representatives of the NAM —the New York *Times* called it "a proposal from business sources"—to finance the Legion's Americanism program with a $20 million fund.

According to the *Times*, the $20 million offer was made by R. H. Barnard, then the executive vice-president of the Owens-Illinois Glass Company, who presented the idea to the Legion's national leadership with the assurance that funds would be readily available.

The idea for this $20 million campaign, Barnard explained, originated at a "gathering of persons interested in the future of free enterprise and



CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION

-of-

AMERICAN LEGION, INC.

We, the undersigned, all being persons of full age and at least two-thirds of us being citizens of the United States, and at least one of us being a resident of the State of New York, desiring to form a membership corporation pursuant to the provisions of the Membership Corporation Law of the State of New York, do hereby make, sign, acknowledge and file this certificate for that purpose as follows:

First. The name of the proposed corporation is AMERICAN LEGION, Inc.

Second. The particular object and purpose for which it is formed is to promote patriotism and to organize American citizens, who are not in the military or naval service of the United States, or of any of the several States, and who are specially qualified to serve the United States in the event, or imminence, of war.

Third. The territory in which its operations are

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have made, signed and acknowledged this certificate in duplicate, this third day of March, in the year One thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Incorporation of the American Legion, Inc., founded by Theodore Roosevelt Jr. and others in 1915, two years before the US entered World War I. Official Legion histories still play this fact down, stressing that the present organization was born in 1919.

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American initiative," who were brought to Washington, D.C., in January, 1943, by T. Spencer Shore of the General Tire Company and W. E. Lewis, chairman of the Board of Owens-Illinois Glass—both heavy contributors to the NAM.

Barnard was quite frank in explaining why the NAM itself did not publicly sponsor the campaign. "It might be misunderstood," the *Times* quoted him as saying. As a result a study was made of all the available organizations which might be able to handle a campaign of such proportions and "sponsor the education of the public through all channels of opinion." The American Legion got the nod.

An even more graphic example of the manner in which the NAM uses the Legion to dispense its "philosophy" was uncovered by the La Follette investigating committee in 1938. The committee unearthed a copy of a manual of the National Industrial Information Committee—a special fund-raising bureau of the NAM.

This manual, certainly not for the eyes of the general public, was a carefully worded suggested procedure for using the American Legion and others as a "front" for an NAM program of Civic Progress Meetings—forums for the "Free Enterprise" system.

The same technique was used by the NAM in its famous advertising campaign aimed at crushing the CIO during the Little Steel strikes in the late thirties. Soon after the CIO began its organizing drive, a series of advertisements—called "Harmony Ads"—appeared in the newspapers of the steel towns of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan.

"Harmony Ads" were originally the brainchild of C. A. MacDonald of the MacDonald-Cook Company of South Bend, Indiana—an advertising agency. MacDonald's idea had a special twist. The Harmony Advertisements—although paid for by Chambers of Commerce, or other business groups affiliated with the NAM—come out sponsored by respectable local civic and fraternal organizations. The American Legion was among MacDonald's—and

PAST NATIONAL COMMANDERS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

Financial and Business Background

1920—FRANKLIN D'OLIER. Director of the Prudential Insurance Company, former director of the Chase National Bank.

1921—FREDERIC W. GALBRAITH JR. Corporation executive. Died in office; succeeded by John G. Emery, Detroit banker and real-estate dealer.

1922—HANFORD MACNIDER. President, Northwestern States Portland Cement Company. Chairman, First National Bank, Mason City, Ia.

1923—ALVIN OWSLEY. Chairman of the Legion's $20,000,000 Americanism Endowment Fund; married into the family of one of the NAM's most influential men in the midwest, Frank C. Ball of Muncie, Indiana.

1924—JOHN R. QUINN. Vice-president, Seaboard National Bank (Los Angeles).

1925—JAMES ANDREW DRAIN. Former lawyer, Washington, D. C.

1926—JOHN REA MCQUIGG. Former realtor and banking executive.

1927—HOWARD P. SAVAGE. Former executive, North Shore Electric Lines, Chicago.

1928—EDWARD ELWELL SPAFFORD. Formerly with a large New York real-estate corporation.

1929—PAUL V. MCNUTT. Former Governor of Indiana, Federal Security Administrator and High Commissioner to the Philippines.

1930—OSCAR LEE BODENHAMER. Former finance-company and real-estate executive, Arkansas.

1931—RALPH T. O'NEIL. Former executive, Victory Life Insurance Company and Cosmopolitan Life Insurance Company.

1932—HENRY L. STEVENS JR. Member of the North Carolina Superior Court.

1933—LOUIS JOHNSON. President of the General Dyestuff Corporation, Director of General Aniline and Film Corporation and Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation.

1934—EDWARD ARTHUR HAYES. Chairman of American Action, Inc., the political action committee of the nation's top industrialists.

1935—FRANK N. BELGRANO JR. Vice-president, Bank of America.

1936—RAY MURPHY. General counsel, Association of Casualty and Surety Executives—an association of the largest insurance firms in America.

1937—HARRY COLMERY. Corporation lawyer.

1938—DANIEL J. DOHERTY. The only National Commander of the American Legion who was not an officer while in the armed forces.

1939—STEPHEN FOWLER CHADWICK. Trustee, Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

1940—RAYMOND J. KELLY. Corporation lawyer and former General Counsel, Detroit Street Railways.

1941—MILO WARNER. Legal adviser to the New York Central Railroad, the Michigan Central, Electric Auto Lite Company, the Greyhound Corporation and the Associated Press.

1942—LYNN U. STAMBAUGH. Lawyer. Since 1945, director of the Export-Import Bank.

1943—ROANE WARING. President and General Counsel of the Memphis Street Railway Company.

1944—WARREN ATHERTON. Former member of the NAM's Speakers' Committtee.

1945—EDWARD SCHEIBERLING. Lawyer, Albany, New York.

1946—JOHN STELLE. President, Arketex Ceramic Corporation.

1947—PAUL H. GRIFFITH. Former vice-president, Conlan Electric Corporation, now public-relations counsellor, Washington, D. C.

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the steel corporations'—most effective "sponsors."

The technique proved so successful that on April 21, 1937, the NAM bought out the whole series of ads and distributed them to member firms all over the country. The Legion, the Harmony Ads and the NAM were a working team.

Today, the affinity between the NAM and the American Legion is so pronounced that it can be traced through many of the day-by-day activities of both organizations. It can be seen in:

¶ The traditional practice of exchanging speakers at the annual NAM and Legion conventions;

¶ The annual National High School Oratorical Contest, publicly sponsored by the Legion but with prize money given by the NAM;

¶ Control over post homes—the Legion meeting places—many of which are in hock financially to firms affiliated with the NAM;

¶ The vast quantity of NAM literature which is distributed to American Legionnaires by the Legion's National office in Indianapolis.

The Legion as an organization is not entirely "bad," in a moral sense; its leadership has made it dangerous sociologically, as all extreme reaction is dangerous. Individual Legion posts have performed numerous acts of generosity to the needy. Legion posts and state organizations have helped magnificently in times of floods and similar disaster. Much of the Legion's social-service work is excellent. The Legion hierarchy itself helped write and push through Congress the GI Bill of Rights, terminal-leave pay for enlisted men and priorities for veterans on surplus property—all, despite some weaknesses, basically sound and fair-minded measures. The fact remains, however, that the Legion's dominant characteristic is its allegiance to the "needs" of vested property.

Occasionally this allegiance seems curiously allied to the personal business interests of an individual Legion leader. One of the Legion's proudest activities has been its Graves Registration program, in which the Legion assists in the return of bodies of those who died overseas while fighting in World War II. As National Commander in 1944, Warren Atherton supervised the reorganization of this Legion program to adapt it to the needs and new problems of the Second World War.

But just one year after Atherton ended his term as National Commander of the American Legion, he appeared before a House Military Affairs subcommittee as a lobbyist for the Western Cemetery Alliance, an organization of companies that operate cemeteries for profit. Atherton's appearance before the subcommittee was in opposition to a bill, already passed in the Senate, that would have established 79 new national cemeteries in which veterans could be buried without expense.

Another remarkable parallel between the Legion's public policy and a leading Legionnaire's private ends occurred back in 1927. That year John Thomas Taylor, chief of the Legion's Washington lobby, fought against ratification by the United States of the Geneva Arms Conference proposals which called for the nations of the world to ban the use of gas in warfare. At the time, Taylor was serving as the treasurer of the National Association of Chemical Defense—an organization, it was pointed out on the floor of Congress, closely associated with certain business groups "dealing in accouterments of gas warfare."

The eagerness of the Legion's rulers to "serve" business boomeranged almost humorously on at least one occasion. During the war, the Legion leaders, thinking they were following logically the anti-labor pattern of the NAM, came out in support of the Austin-Wadsworth bill, which urged the drafting of labor in wartime. Shortly after the Legion's action, the Board of Directors of the NAM went on record against compulsory labor.

The NAM's position left the Legion out on a limb. As might be expected, the Legion policy makers switched the Legion line. At the next national convention there was no such foolish draft-of-labor talk.

Ever since its first national convention in 1919, the Legion had annually called on the President to take the profit out of any future war by conscripting capital and property as well as men. Down through the years the Legion leadership went along with the membership on these yearly "draft capital" resolutions. As long as there was no danger of war, such resolutions did no harm.

But when World War II seemed imminent, the Legion's leaders changed their tune. At the 1941 national convention, the usual "take the profits out of war" resolution was presented. Patrick Cliff of Minnesota, supporting the resolution, cried from the convention floor that "the time has come to determine whether the Legion means what it has been saying about the conscription of property as well as lives."

Cliff's logic was futile. The Legion leaders mustered their strength *against* the resolution and, with the aid of a parliamentary trick, managed to prevent its passage. For the first time in Legion history, the annual "draft of capital" resolution was defeated.

Then, as World War II progressed, President Roosevelt—in an effort to carry out the principle of "equal sacrifice for all in time of war," which had been the basis of the Legion's program for 22 years—asked for a $25,000 limit on civilian incomes. The NAM objected—and so did the American Legion. Roane Waring, then the Legion's National Commander, called this income ceiling "perfectly Communistic in its conception."

The two incidents—the defeat just before a war of the traditional "draft of capital" resolution and the attack on "ceilings on profits"—typify the American Legion today. Both were maneuvered by the Legion's leaders. Both created the illusion that the Legion's vast membership supported policies profitable to business. And both represented switches in the Legion's position to bring it into accord with the "NAM line."

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FRANCO'S TIME RUNS OUT

by David Nussbaum

The author, a former Washington correspondent for Life and PM, has recently returned from a 13 months' tour of Europe which included an extensive visit to underground Spain.

SPAIN IS DOMINATED by the conviction that the Franco government, with its *estraperlo* (black market) economy and its political isolation, is doomed. Because of this conviction, a working unity in modern Spain has finally been achieved among all anti-Franco elements still inside the country: trade unions, political parties and the Monarchists.

This coalition is busily hunting a formula for a transfer of power so that no political vacuum will follow what is regarded as an imminent and inevitable Falangist collapse. The effort centers chiefly around negotiations between the Monarchists and the National Alliance of Democratic Forces, which contains political parties of all complexions. When agreement is reached, Franco will face a solid front of opposition ranging from the extreme Right to the Communists.

In the Alliance Franco's enemies possess a potent economic weapon; this coalition acts as a central agency which at the psychological moment could call a general strike. During a four-month period last year, the Alliance showed its strength by conducting 250 strikes, involving 340,000 workers. The Alliance is closely supported by the Catholic Basque Nationalist Party, which shut down large sectors of Basque industry last year by staging mass political walkouts.

Economic threats alone may not be enough to topple Franco, however. Consequently, although the Alliance hopes to avoid a general civil war, it is recruiting a formidable guerrilla army and unifying it under a central command. In the past two years this force has doubled and is now battling government troops at scattered points in the Spanish countryside: the warfare approaches the intensity of the action in Palestine and Greece.

Despite heavy government censorship, the Spanish people are learning of the fighting through a clandestine press which operates 12 biweekly and monthly papers in Madrid alone. In an effort to curb disaffection, Franco's Civil Guard is raiding peasant communities suspected of coöperating with the guerrillas. In the province of Avila, Guardsmen shot down 48 peasants in a two-month period. Alliance estimates that the government has jailed 79,926 "political" prisoners.

Capitalizing on general disgust with this kind of repression, the Communists have taken the lead in defying the regime; the result has been to double their membership and also boost left-wing Socialists into control of the Socialist Party and the General Confederation of Workers.

This development deeply worries the non-Communists, who would like to see centrist elements get more of the credit for undermining Franco. They are further depressed by the refusal of the US and Britain to take steps against the dictator. This hands-off policy of the Western democracies has convinced many Spaniards that their only hope of success lies with the Communists. And a prominent Spanish Communist admits that his party would suffer if the US and Britain were to intervene against the Generalissimo.

Meanwhile, in Portugal, the Spanish pretender, 34-year-old Don Juan, has proposed a constitutional monarchy after the British model, promising to include all Spanish political forces. His program calls for the restoration of the Crown followed by elections to the *Cortes* (Parliament). The left-wing Alliance parties contend, on the other hand, that before any elections are held, the Republic must be restored.

Don Juan's adviser, Felix Vejerano, says Franco's only hope now is to "wake up some morning and find America has sent an ultimatum to Russia—he does nothing but wait for war, which will give him the chance to come forth as the great champion of Western civilization."

While the Generalissimo waits, Spain's economy is being strangled by inflation. The cost of living has soared 900 percent since Franco took power, while wages have climbed a maximum of 75 percent. A peasant's daily earnings are equivalent to a kilogram (two pounds) of bread in the black market, and one day's pay for a skilled worker will buy a pint of olive oil. An army corporal, who gets six cents a day, would have to work three weeks to buy a dozen eggs.

Administrative inefficiency and corruption are rotting the heart out of Spain's industrial production. Despite a series of incentive schemes aimed at wooing Asturian miners into the pits, the country's present coal production is 12 million tons annually—half of minimum requirements.

Such major problems receive little serious financial attention from El Caudillo, however. His 1947 budget has allocated 60 percent of government revenues to the army, police and Civil Guard, leaving a scant six percent for education and public works and one percent for the department of agriculture. This, while hundreds of families on the outskirts of Madrid are still living in trenches, bomb craters and ruins left from the civil-war siege.

The country's economic plight and the knowledge that Franco's time is running out have completely destroyed the Falangists' old assurance. Their peace of mind has not been restored by such jokes as this one currently being circulated about Madrid:

A speeding motorist is flagged down by a traffic policeman who demands to know where the driver is going. "To Franco's palace," is the reply.

"Yes? What for?"

"To shoot Franco."

"Pull over to the curb," the cop commands angrily, "and wait your turn."

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THE NISEI COME HOME

Thousands of Japanese and Nisei, back in California from war internment, find old prejudices dying and a new hope for the future

by Victor Boesen

YOSHIMATSU MASUDA works two days a week in a fish cannery near Long Beach, California. It is no job for an old fisherman who spent 20 years of his life pulling his livelihood out of the Pacific, but it's the best Masuda can do under the circumstances. California has a law prohibiting alien Japanese from owning commercial fishing licenses.

Some day, Masuda hopes, the law will be revoked and he can go back to his old business. He has faith in his neighbors. "California people all right," he says warmly. "It's state guv'ment causes trouble." As far as California's attitude to its alien Japanese and its citizens of Japanese ancestry is concerned, the old fisherman is correct on both counts.

After many years of persecution because of their race, dating back to the 1890's, the Japanese are beginning to feel they really have a home in California. Returning from wartime relocation centers in other states, they discover that the old hostility has lessened perceptibly and that both Japanese aliens and Nisei (second-generation Japanese born in the US) have been encouraged to take up their old occupations.

Most of the animosity that still persists stems, as old Masuda puts it, from the state government's continued efforts to keep the Nisei in a sort of second-class-citizen category. Discriminatory laws such as the fishing-license ban that beached Masuda and the state's Alien Land Law still remain on the books. An occasional legislator like State Senator Jack Tenney, head of California's "Little Un-American Activities Committee," embarks on anti-Japanese tirades; Attorney General Fred N. Howser has tried, unsuccessfully, to deprive Japanese aliens of their landholdings, but their efforts have evoked little approval from the average Californian. And although the Hearst newspapers and the ultra-conservative Native Sons of the Golden West still bait the Japanese, their antics arouse less and less enthusiasm.

There is nothing miraculous in this change of attitude. Californians have not undergone a sudden spiritual catharsis which has divested them of deep-seated moral prejudices. Moral or anthropological considerations have little to do with it; many Californians have simply learned that the people they used to regard as "interlopers" are *actually useful, conscientious citizens*—and as such are to be valued highly.

The war decisively banished any doubts as to the courage or patriotism of Japanese Americans. At the very time California businessmen and farmers were taking over the properties of Japanese who had been evacuated to relocation centers, the nation's newspapers were carrying glowing accounts of the heroic 442nd Nisei Infantry Battalion in Italy. And despite the efforts of state officials, various free-lance Japanophobes and anti-Japanese sections of the press (Hearst papers and the Sacramento *Bee*) to make it appear otherwise at the time, the Japanese committed no known act of disloyalty to this country, as attested by the FBI, the Army's Western Defense Command and the Navy.

In addition, the war indirectly created a new respect for the multitudes of Japanese truck farmers and gardeners who had to leave the state for alleged security reasons. While these people sweated out the war in relocation centers, the Californians discovered, by trying it themselves, that their erstwhile neighbors had done a superb job in cultivating and reclaiming the land and raising produce for sale at attractive prices.

There are other less utilitarian reasons why Californians are not rallying much to the tom-toms in Sacramento, and why, for instance, townspeople boycotted a barber who put up a "No Japs Wanted" sign in his window. The Nisei are intelligent and well behaved; they have an extremely low crime rate and boast the highest percentage of college graduates of any racial group in the country. The 442nd Infantry's IQ was among the best in the Army.

The feelings of many Californians about the return of the Japanese were expressed by a Negro who had moved into Los Angeles' "Little Tokyo" during the war. "Now that they've returned," he declared, "it's only right they should get their places back, because this is their home." And the Negro moved out.

The Nisei are pleased at the clearing atmosphere. One of them gives the typical report that Japanese are increasingly finding their way into the Caucasian business world, that they are being accepted both as employees and as *fellow businessmen. To Nisei* war vets, this atones in part for the wartime seizures of Japanese fruit, vegetable and produce industries, which have yet to be regained.

Agents of the War Relocation Authority, who conceived a healthy re-

Victor Boesen, a former newspaperman, was a foreign correspondent for Liberty for two years and has contributed to Collier's and Coronet.

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spect for the Japanese during the internment period, have helped persuade Caucasian employers to give the Nisei a try at office jobs, hitherto closed to them. The results have been excellent. When a presentable, efficient Nisei girl places herself as a typist or secretary, she usually creates a demand for more.

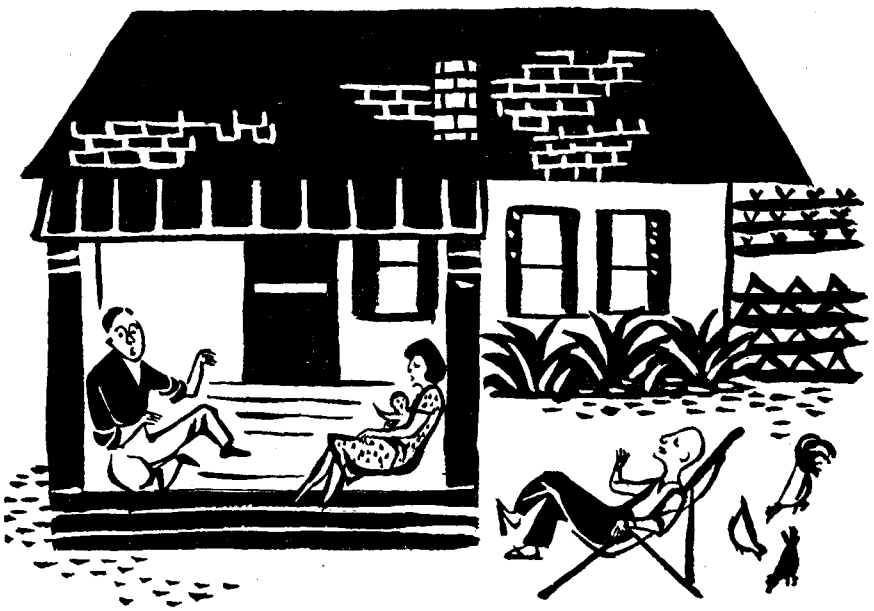
Jimmy Yahiro, proprietor of the Nisei Employment Agency in Los Angeles, says he has "no trouble in placing the girls in all kinds of office jobs"; the pastor of a Japanese church remarks, "The girls and women are getting lots of positions in stores on Broadway, in Beverly Hills and in country and city offices. I placed several in an exclusive Beverly Hills dress shop at $10 a day."

The men who get a chance make good just as quickly as the girls. One 442nd vet was refused a chemist's job. "Try the back door," counseled a Nisei attorney. "Take any kind of work they have. Show them what kind of fellow you are." The boy followed his advice; today he is a chemist for an oil company.

To help break down dying prejudice, Nisei who are accepted into "white" employment practise a discipline not always found among other workers. Several hundred have gone into the hot, unpleasant work of pressing records in the phonograph-recording industry. One such worker, a college graduate, said, "Many Nisei dropped off as soon as they found they had to go through the training period at low wages. Some of us older men felt that this created a bad impression, and now we have set an unwritten policy that no Nisei is to take a job unless he will stick. . . ."

Many Nisei, discovering the community's growing willingness to accept Japanese, are going into business for the first time. Patronage of a Japanese establishment in a Caucasian neighborhood may be sparse at first, but it soon grows. Take the experience of the Nisei who opened a service station.

"My first Caucasian customers would drive away when they saw I was Japanese," he declared. "Then a few began stopping and found that I gave prewar service. Once they came in, they became regular customers."



Meanwhile, those business and professional men who haven't yet picked up where they left off during the war, are resorting to gardening. Today, in the Los Angeles area alone, more than 3,000 Japanese, a third more than were similarly employed in 1941, are tending the district's yards and estates, grown unkempt while they were away. Angelenos are so happy to have them back that they are paying them up to $600 a month, compared to $125 before the war. Some of the more industrious gardeners, juggling six or seven lawns at a time, have earned as much as $50 a day. What the clients don't know is that very often the little man clipping the hedge is a college graduate in one of the professions or an ex-businessman with more money in the bank than his employer.

For those able immediately to resume operations at their old stands in such Japanese specialties as flower markets, flower farms and wholesale fish markets, business is brisk. Such resistance as Caucasian interlopers put up at the start quickly faded or is working out to the advantage of the Japanese.

The first Nisei to return to Los Angeles, co-owner with his father and two brothers of a flower market on the edge of Little Tokyo which had been operated for them by Caucasian managers, found signs on the wall reading, "No Japs Allowed Between 7th and 8th." He kept out of sight all day, and that evening asked his Caucasian manager about the signs. The next day he found police posted around the market, with a radio car standing by. "You have nothing to be afraid of," they told him.

The only unpleasant incident to occur in the store came when a man proclaimed in loud tones: "I wouldn't spend a dime in a place run by Japs!" No one seemed interested. Some time later, this same man, who runs a flower shop in connection with a funeral home, phoned to ask if he could buy some flowers. The original returnee took the call. His brothers, both back by now, suggested that the man be told to go to hell. This was vetoed, however, and today his monthly account averages $1,400.

Soon after his first order, he came around and apologized for his earlier conduct. "I made a fool of myself," he kept repeating. Now he and his wife exchange dinner invitations with the brothers and their families, and go fishing together.

George Endow, a San Fernando Valley flower grower, who also runs the Sugar Bowl Café in Little Tokyo, estimates that there has been a 60-percent comeback among Japanese flower growers—largely because the

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Caucasians who took over in their absence were amateurs and unable to compete on the basis of quality production. To offset this disadvantage, the Caucasians boycotted those wholesalers who bought from Japanese growers, which merely drove more wholesalers to the Japanese owners.

Another Japanese comeback has been made in fish wholesaling. A typical example is furnished by Frank Tsuchiya, of the Pacific California Fish Company. His firm, which did a million-dollar-a-year business before the war, not only has all its old customers back but has expanded its operations by 35 percent.

Things are turning out this way because such an outcome is logical. From the time the first Japanese arrived from Hawaii after its annexation in 1898, their industry has meant a great contribution to the state's prosperity. Generally settling on the poorer land, and in areas passed up by others, the Japanese have built their holdings into parity with the best. They produce not only the conventional crops, usually in greater yield per acre than other farmers, but increase the variety.

A recent report by the Department of the Interior recalls the feats of George Shima, "The Potato King," who transformed the neglected swamps along the San Joaquin River into the richest potato country in the state; and of Ikuta, "The Rice King," who proved the feasibility of commercial rice production in the alkali lands of Sutter, Colusa, Glenn and Butte Counties—acreage which added more than a million sacks of rice to Allied food stocks in 1918. From 1910 to 1920, Japanese farmers increased California's rice production 10,000-fold.

Starting in 1913, the Japanese reclaimed the deltas of the Walnut Grove area, and six years later harvested an asparagus crop worth $1.8 million from 10,000 acres. At the same time, in the Imperial Valley, they thrust back 13,481 acres of desert and on this raised $3 million worth of cantaloupe annually. In 1910 they began to reclaim strips of wilderness for agriculture near Livingston, and by 1920 they had made Livingston the foremost shipping station in Merced County.

On the 3.9 percent of the state's farms which the Japanese operated before the war, they produced 35 percent of the state's total truck crop annually. In Los Angeles County, they accounted for 64 percent of all truck crops for processing and 87 percent of the supply of fresh vegetables.

It was Japanese fishermen who introduced Americans to the delights of albacore tuna, "the chicken of the sea" and now its richest prize, which they were amazed to find playing, unmolested and unwanted, around the Los Angeles harbor lighthouse. The Japanese also added sardines and other marine foods to the California fish catch, thus doing much to build fishing into the $22 million industry it had become by 1941, the last year Japanese aliens were allowed to fish.

But, despite this record and the consequent popular receptivity to the Japanese return, the anti-fishing measure and the land-law amendment—both striking deep at the roots of their entire economy—are still operative and thousands of Japanese are being hurt.

Since the law that keeps the Japanese from fishing was passed in 1943, when the victims were long gone and the issue of security gone with them, the excuse the state gave for its enactment was "conservation of fish." The report of the state's Fish and Game Commission for 1943 shows, however, that after the 699 Japanese fishermen were removed (out of nearly 10,000 of all nationalities), more than enough new fishermen were licensed to make up the difference. The report also shows that by 1943 the price of the annual fish catch, though no bigger than in the days of the Japanese, had risen by $8.4 million. The real motives behind the law are obvious.

But it was revision of the Alien Land Law and the state's sudden insistence upon enforcement that threatened the most damage, because it affected agricultural activity, upon which most Japanese depend for a living. The first land law, passed in 1913, simply forbade "aliens ineligible for citizenship," which for practical purposes means only the Japanese, to own land. This measure was superseded in 1920 by a stiffer law, forbidding aliens to help their citizen children to buy land, or to give it to them. Now, by the amendment of 1943, no alien Japanese would be allowed to "possess, enjoy, use, cultivate, or occupy land." Any violation would be a criminal offense instead of mere conspiracy, with the land in question subject to escheat, or confiscation.

This meant, under strictest interpretation, that an alien Japanese could not consume so much as a potato from his son's place, and had either to suspend his home in mid-air, since he could not "occupy" land, or float it on the ocean. As the San Francisco *Chronicle* commented, the law "puts in jeopardy all parties to any transaction in and upon which a single non-citizen Japanese might turn over a spadeful of earth or pluck a strawberry to his own benefit."

The state gave no excuse beyond the explanation that the law needed strengthening and that, being a law, it ought to be enforced. However, Los Angeles housewives were inclined to read something else into its motives when prices on the Los Angeles produce market, which had been closely

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DRAWINGS BY AMY KASAI

tied in with Japanese farm sources, doubled within a week after the Japanese had left their stalls. (This happened in the face of a promise by Homer A. Harris, secretary-manager of the Associated Produce Dealers and Brokers of Los Angeles, that removal of the Japanese "would not entail any serious rise in prices.")

The state's action ignored the patent disinterest which the public had shown in the land law from the beginning. Only 14 escheats had been brought under its provisions throughout its history. Caucasian land-owners had been prone to favor Japanese, who, because they produced more, paid more for property.

About all that had been accomplished with this discriminatory legislation through the years had been to antagonize Japan and help bring on anti-American feeling, which was further inflamed by the humiliating Exclusion Act of 1924.

When the original alien-land bill came before the state legislature in 1913, President Wilson first entreated California's Governor and law-makers by telegram not to "embarrass the government of the United States in its dealings with a nation with whom it has most earnestly and cordially sought to maintain relations of genuine friendship and good will. . . ." Then he sent Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan out as a further brake on the Californians. Six days after Bryan arrived, the law was on the books, jammed through as an emergency measure.

Japan's jingoists, alert to the 1911 treaty of amity between Japan and the United States and the Diet measure of 1910 allowing Americans to own land in Japan, promptly seized upon California's action and never allowed their countrymen to forget it.

Even after the 1943 amendment and the drum-beating which had preceded it, the public still showed no enthusiasm for it. When in 1946 the entire land law was put to the people for ratification, as Proposition 15 on the ballot, it was voted down by 1,143,780 to 797,067.

But the state went doggedly ahead and confiscated $750,000 worth of lands in 1946, according to A. L. Wirin and Associates, attorneys for the Japanese; and last summer had some 75 more cases pending.

Here are a dozen samples of how the state proceeded. In three it took the land; in three others, it cleared the title to the owner; and in the remaining six, it collected a cash settlement from the owner. One defendant, Mrs. Fumiko Mitsuchi, a citizen, was forced to pay $75,000 for 71 acres of truck farm which had cost her $88,562.50 in 1938.

Unfortunately for the state, one of its intended victims was Fred Oyama, a young citizen of San Diego. The state confiscated Oyama's farm on the grounds that he had acquired it through his alien father Kajiro, who, in addition, was living on the land and enjoying its fruits.

Young Oyama, with an eye on the equal-rights guarantees of the Fourteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution, protested that the Alien Land Law deprived him of his right to own land and that therefore it was unconstitutional. Losing all along the line, he brought the land-law issue before the United States Supreme Court in October, 1947. Standing behind him were the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Jewish Congress and the National Lawyers' Guild, which filed briefs on his behalf as friends of the court.

California lost. While no definite position was taken on the constitutionality of the Alien Land Law, the majority opinion was that Oyama had been fouled, and the law was condemned in such terms as "outright racial discrimination," "violates the equal-protection clause of the Constitution," "deserves constitutional condemnation" and "does violence to the high ideals of the Constitution of the United States and the charter of the United Nations."

The court's decision means that scores of other Japanese awaiting the escheat mill can now relax. State Attorney General Howser admits that, although the land law still remains technically in effect, it is practically unenforceable; as a result the state will drop further litigation. Thus the decision virtually brings to an end California's longest-standing piece of anti-Japanese legislation.

But the court victory is not the most important postwar development in California from the Nisei point of view. A judge's ruling against discriminatory laws, or a sheriff's warning that a barber serve Nisei as well as Caucasians, is encouraging, but it is only a symptom of something bigger. That something bigger is the growing realization of the people of California that Nisei make good neighbors.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE PURSUIT OF READING

by John Farrelly

THE SECOND posthumous volume of Virginia Woolf's essays has been published, and her husband, Leonard Woolf, says that a sufficient number remain to make another book. If *The Moment and Other Essays* does not, as a whole, come up to the First and Second Series of *The Common Reader*

THE MOMENT AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3).

THE COMMON READER: FIRST AND SECOND SERIES, by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $4).

(now published for the first time in one volume), it is perhaps because they have not been chosen "according to some scale of merit," but as representative of the variety of her subject matter. And it must be admitted that there is variety enough in such topics as D. H. Lawrence, Ellen Terry, Ring Lardner and Queen Marie. However, this reservation scarcely needs to be qualified by saying that when Virginia Woolf suffers it is only by comparison with herself; that her best work is unexcelled by anything of its kind in English letters.

Her writing is supremely personal, but the triumph of the personal is charm, that quality so unsettling to critical evaluation. Virginia Woolf has suffered from a kind of hypnotized adulation; on the other hand, she has *suffered (and will continue to suffer)* from the inevitable reversal when the critical intelligence does penance for its excesses. The usual accusation is that she lacks seriousness, and this is frequently untrue. She has the kind of civilized mind that maintains its subtle balance between a witty manner and a serious purpose. And when she does err it is by a kind of excess of virtue: her manner dazzles her subject out of countenance so that it seems to diminish by comparison with her celebration of it.

The essays in *The Moment*, as in *The Common Reader*, are for the most part on literary subjects, and, taken together, these volumes form a high tribute to the "pursuit of reading." "Of all men," wrote Mrs. Woolf, "great scholars are the most mysterious, the most august." This is mock-serious veneration from a lady of wit and fine intelligence, blessed with leisure and passionately addicted to the reading of books. It is the tribute of the insistent amateur, implying an aristocratic disdain of professional inclusiveness or finality. Her position is neither academic nor editorial, but that of the modest common reader who "reads for his own pleasure." With an exquisite courtesy, she assumes a like industry "in all those rooms, too humble to be called libraries, yet full of books, where the pursuit of reading is carried on by private people." But when she describes the common reader she does him too great justice, and the description fits herself more exactly than any reader likely to be common today.

"Above all," she says, "he is guided by an instinct to create for himself . . . a portrait of a man, a sketch of an age, a theory of the art of writing. He never ceases, as he reads, to run up some rickety and ramshackle fabric which shall give him the temporary satisfaction of looking sufficiently like the real object to allow of affection, laughter and argument." That is her method—to recreate the subject of her reading through her own keen perceptions and appreciation, and by communicating her enthusiasm "to allow of affection."

This expanded literary section contains a group of essays on the present state of writing both here and abroad. The illustrations are selected from the recent work of artists in France, England, Italy and the United States.

Georges Duthuit's article from Paris was translated by Jacques LeClercq.

To create "a portrait of a man"—thus she often penetrates through writing to the writer himself, and by solidly establishing the figure of the artist, illumines his work. This is her treatment of Montaigne, Donne, Thomas Browne and George Eliot, for example. But the minor or obscure figures most engage her talents—some half-forgotten diarist, some stillborn monster of literature, some odd member of a vanished *beau monde*. "For one likes romantically to feel oneself a deliverer advancing with lights across the waste of years to the rescue of some stranded ghost. . . . Possibly they hear one coming. They shuffle, they preen, they bridle. Old secrets well to their lips. The divine gift of communication will soon again be theirs." The wit of such a passage lies in its perfect description of her intention, her attitude and her achievement.

And what an animated lot they are, especially her women: the Duchess of Newcastle, Laetitia Pilkington, Miss Mitford, Geraldine Jewsbury. She particularly favors the eccentrics, those capricious, erratic and extravagant personalities so fitted to her own prose. In her hands they loom as significant figures. Reading these essays consecutively, one is surprised by the extent to which they accumulate as a history of manners, particularly of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. And as the same figures appear and reappear, like characters in a novel, the whole forms a social comedy in exquisite miniature.

Any "theory of the art of writing"

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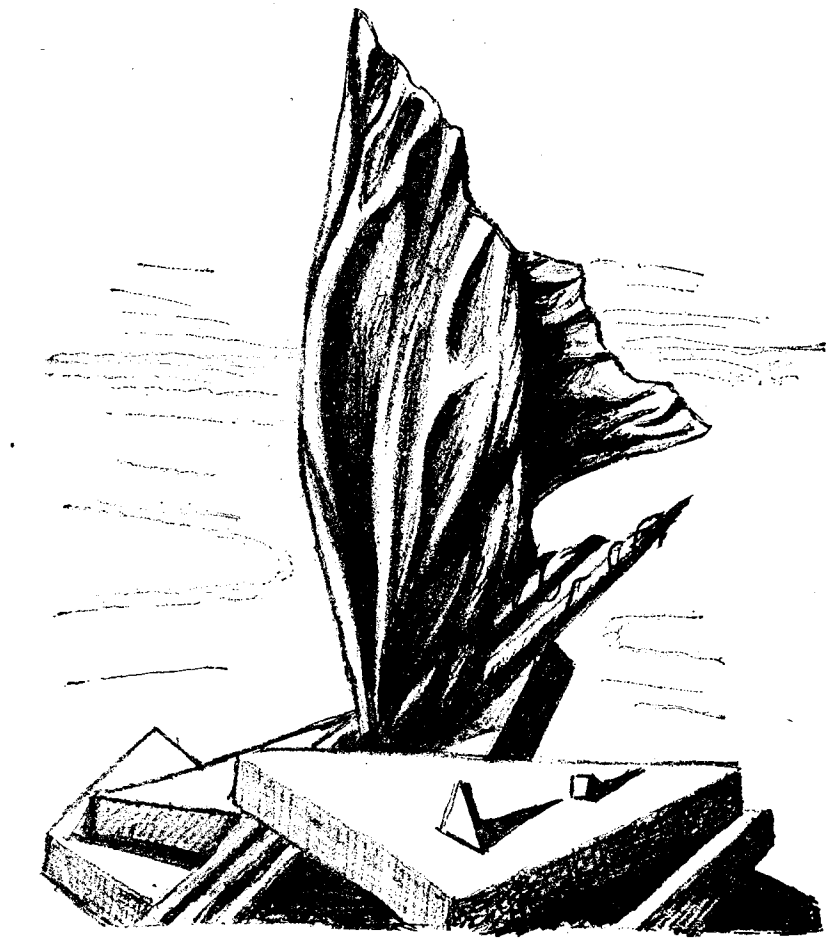
is advanced tentatively by Virginia Woolf. When such inquiries occur they are usually on the connection between writing and the environment in which it is produced. What is, for example, the connection between women's writing and "their condition itself . . . the privacy they lacked, the incomes they had not, the conventions which stifled them and the education they never received"? In her last essays the war has forced comparison between its writers and the traditional novelists; Jane Austen and Scott, for example, who never "heard Napoleon's voice as we hear Hitler's voice as we sit at home of an evening."

Finally, there are class distinctions: "The Elizabethan age was far more elastic in this respect than our own," but as everyone knows, almost all writers from Chaucer's time to the present have "been raised above the mass of people upon a tower of stucco —that is their middle-class birth; and of gold—that is their expensive education." But for the writers between the two wars the tower began to lean, and "directly we feel that a tower leans, we become acutely conscious that we are on a tower." Socially conscious, in short, with the ironic result that the leaning-tower writers "do not look any class straight in the face," and their tendencies she sums up as "discomfort; pity for themselves; anger against society."

The woman, she would seem to imply, is classless. If excluded from the professions open to men, she is (or can be) by the same token independent of the class interests, that is, the vested interests, of the men of the family. Again the amateur, but again free of the pretensions of male professionalism, a freer citizen of the "republic of letters." Of course, she speaks here for her own generation, now passing, and it is for some such broad republic that she hopes when she speaks (in 1940) of a classless, but scarcely uniform society in which "only natural differences such as those of brain and character will serve to distinguish us."

But no hope that Virginia Woolf ever entertained could relinquish those precious privileges: leisure and privacy —for reading. In a society of equal opportunity for literacy, the price, indeed the purpose, is a general lucidity and discernment. And the great ordinary means is to hand: "We have got to teach ourselves to understand literature." The advice that follows is inevitable; it is the only one which fits the case, yet it is all the more urgent and touching for its reiteration during a lifetime devoted to books: "We can begin . . . by reading omnivorously, simultaneously, poems, plays, novels, histories, biographies, the old and the new. We must sample before we can select. It never does to be a nice feeder."

If the purpose of criticism is an appropriate appreciation of the subject, the common reader will find in few critics the instruction, the delight and the incentive to reading present in almost every page of Virginia Woolf.



KAY SAGE, *United States*

From *Le Surrealisme en 1947*, Edition Pierre a Feu. Courtesy Geo. Wittenborn & Co.

THE EVIL MEN DO

by Richard Watts Jr.

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES, edited, translated and with an introduction by Louis P. Lochner (Doubleday and Company; $4).

THERE ARE no startling revelations in *The Goebbels Diaries,* a small part of which have already been printed in the New York *Times* and *Life.* There are not even any particularly new sidelights on the warped mind of the sinister and theatrical little clubfoot who ran the Nazi propaganda machine with such evil brilliance. Nevertheless the truncated and intermittent personal reports of his day-by-day thoughts and impressions, saved from the wreckage of his Berlin ministry, possess both historical and contem-

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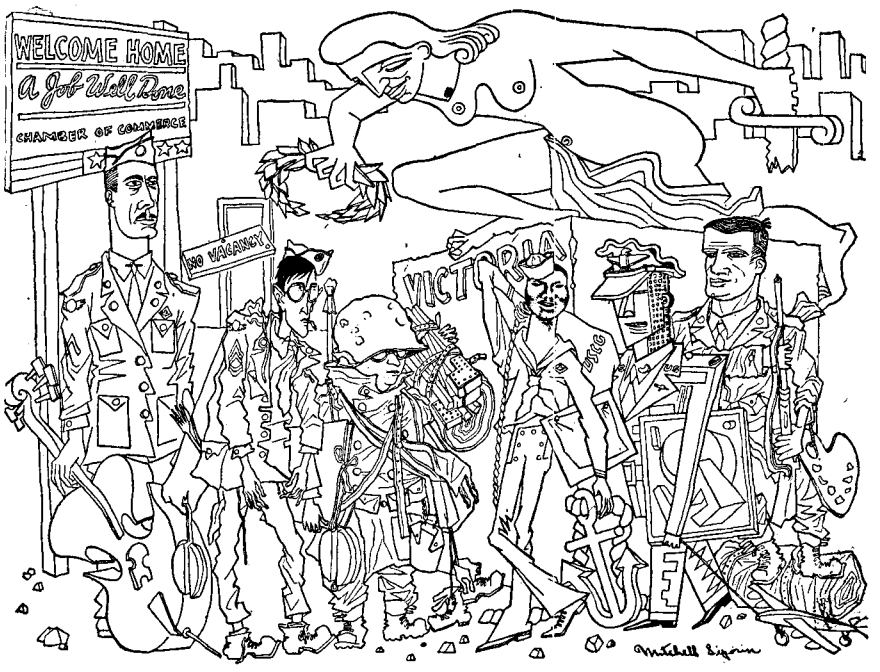

MITCHELL SIPORIN, *United States*

"Welcome Home," catalogue cover for exhibition of six artists on their re-entering civilian life in 1946. Courtesy the Downtown Gallery

porary value and have an inescapable morbid fascination.

For if Paul Joseph Goebbels was a monster of villainy, whose life and death prove that the most lurid melodrama still exists in the modern world, he was also a curiously interesting man. To explore the black and bitter recesses of his soul is a repulsive but oddly arresting literary adventure.

What would be the most important feature of these memoirs, if America and Europe were not in too frenzied a mood to listen, is their grim comment on Lest We Forget. At a time when more venom seems to be directed toward our wartime ally than toward our recent enemy in that war, it is wise to keep in mind just what the nature of that enemy was, particularly when self-reported. But the chief value of Goebbels' record is that it contains an even more timely reminder for both us and the Russians. It lies in the utter joy of the propagandist of Nazi hate when he saw signs that the Eastern and Western enemies of the Reich were falling out and his shouts of rage when they made friendly gestures toward each other.

With his characteristic propensity for deceiving himself as well as others, Goebbels continued to write in his diary that Churchill was an incompetent who was wrecking Britain and that it would be a sad day for Germany if he were replaced. Clearly, though, he at first feared the British Prime Minister and longed for his overthrow. By September, 1943, however, he had changed his sour tune; his hope that there would be no change in the premiership began to ring truer. "I am not even sure," he writes, "that it would be a good thing for Churchill to be ousted in England. His successor would no doubt be Eden, but Eden is contaminated more by Bolshevik ideology than Churchill. Churchill himself is an old anti-Bolshevik and his collaboration with Moscow today is only a matter of expediency."

Goebbels always counted on the anti-Russian spirit in England. "I am certainly convinced," he wrote, "that the British don't want a Bolshevik Europe under any circumstances, and that given the choice between a National Socialist and a Bolshevik Europe, they would most certainly choose the National Socialist." Always he depended hopefully on that falling out of the Allies, which he felt was inevitable because the British and Americans hated and feared the Russians more than they did the Germans. The split was to be the Nazi opportunity. Goebbels put it succinctly: "Our greatest chance," he said, "lies in anti-Bolshevik propaganda." He went into a frenzy of rage when the *Times* of London ran an editorial sympathizing with the Russian Revolution. It seemed to anger him even more than the paper's attacks on his beloved Hitler. The American press, however, cheered him immeasurably. On March 10, 1943, he wrote jubilantly: "The United States seems at present to act even more anti-Bolshevik than England."

The irony of the diaries is all the more fascinating because it is unconscious. Nothing, for example, could be more ironical than the spectacle of the barbarian, Goebbels, crying out that the Americans are uncultured and uncivilized and that their influence threatens the high standards of civilization and learning established and protected by the Nazis. Then there is the curious way in which the greatest exponent of lying propaganda is shocked and filled with moral disapproval by what he terms the hypocrisy and inhumanity of his enemies, while all the time he is proudly citing his own triumphs in these same ugly fields.

In the light of later history, too, there is tremendous irony both in Goebbels' sneers at the boastful claims of Roosevelt about coming American war production and in the recollection that the sneers were matched by so many American enemies of FDR. In fact, it is consistently interesting to note how the enemy's anti-Roosevelt vituperation is still being matched by the foes of FDR's memory. There is, finally, the sardonic detail that the Allied contempt for Goering, Himmler, Hess, Ley, Ribbentrop and the sordid Nazi oligarchy is confirmed by Goebbels, who had the lowest opinion of them. It is clear that he loved only Hitler, and that his devotion to him was genuinely ecstatic. "Two beautiful hours during which I could talk to him quite alone and he opened his whole heart to me"—that is Goebbels being sentimental about his Leader.

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Almost as great as his love for Hitler was his dislike of the German military men, who seemed to him reactionary, incompetent and treacherous. The only general he completely admired was the SS Military Leader, Sepp Dietrich, although he had a few good words for Rommel and Guderian. Of course, his opinion of most men was based on how they treated him. For example, he had vast scorn for King Boris of Bulgaria until Boris called on him and flattered him, whereupon the Bulgarian ruler became a paragon of intelligence and charm. Excessive vanity makes Goebbels almost a comic character, until one comes on his violent anti-Semitic ravings once more and realizes again what the man was.

The diary, by the way, runs only from January 21, 1942, to December 9, 1943, and a lot of entries, particularly those from December 20, 1942, to March 1, 1943, are missing. It closes, as the editor and translator, Louis P. Lochner, veteran Associated Press correspondent in Berlin, notes, with an entry covering the mutual hatred and jealousy of the top Nazis. The final sentence is: "If Ribbentrop is as clever in his foreign policy as he is toward his colleagues in matters of domestic policy, I can well understand why we don't achieve any notable successes in our dealings with foreign nations."

THE BOOKSHOPS OF PARIS

by Georges Duthuit

IT IS EVEN more difficult to understand why people read than why they write, which in itself is not easy. But let us go into a well-stocked bookstore on the Boulevard Raspail to learn—and it is foolish to take sides—how the law of supply and demand is operating today in France.

There is André Gide, as much sought after as was Anatole France forty years ago. He is an object of adoration, not for his newly published satirical farce, "Thésée," but for *Les Caves du Vatican* and *Les Faux-Monnayeurs* (shades of the "gratuitous act" of our salad days!).

The younger writers, the helmeted warriors of the Liberation, whose work was printed by the ton after 1944 when publishing firms sprang up like mushrooms after rain, are now barely remembered by name. Aragon, who figured more or less as a liberator of the realm and whose agreeable *Aurélien* is said to have been quoted on the Black Market, now finds himself relegated to the chill zone of oblivion. The same holds true of Paul Eluard; here indeed is "paradise lost."

Sartre is still in a strong position though there are signs of a decline in public favor. Today he seems somewhat less responsible than people had believed. Readers are beginning to reproach him for exploiting the degradation of man and aggravating man's downfall by the very means of the salvation he suggests; they still respect his ardor and the sincerity with which he both proclaims and defends his concepts of freedom. His next work, eagerly awaited, should enlighten us all as to what existentialist liberty can achieve within a frame of history that is anything but hopeful. His *Situation I*, a volume of essays, is off to a good start. André Breton, canonized in the vanguard or bourgeois press, is at the apex of his reputation.

Discussions of War II and of prisoners of war are popular, with David Rousset leading the field. His new *Les Jours de Notre Mort* is an unforgettable landmark in the annals of terror, savagery and imbecility. It exposes the myriad ways in which an innocent man may be tortured and his corpse put to use; it also indicates the sole means of combating the worst evils. Those who never experienced the rot and corruption of concentration camps may take it or leave it; the public in general is taking it—but amiss!

Georges Bataille, and on a lower level Jean Genet, and even lower, Jean Anouilh the dramatist, and lower still, in an inferno of horror and salacity, some writers I shall not trouble to name, seem to please a ready public. Demonism and ordure exert a fascination upon a spate of writers. Bataille, a mystic of decomposition, a philosopher of abandonment, of perverse love and of the emptiness of existence, is rated very high despite his obscurity. His *L'Alleluiah, Haine de la Poésie,* is a best-seller. The lyric laureate of banditry and shamelessness, Jean Genet, has published *Notre-Dame des Fleurs,* retail price 7,000 francs. It has attracted an assortment of merchants, financiers, society people and highly proper dowagers who in former days would have denounced him to the police as a pornographer.

Mention must also be made of *Le Sabbat,* by Maurice Sachs, which belongs to a scabrous genre of writing but has its own brilliant quality. The life and writings of the Marquis de Sade are so much in evidence that

ANDRE MARCHAND, *France*

From Counterpoint (Oxford, England). Courtesy Geo. Wittenborn & Co.

Georges Duthuit is a French critic of art and literature. He is the author of several books, among them Le Rose et le Noir, a study of Walter Pater, and a book on Andre Masson. At present M. Duthuit is editor of Transition magazine, the current issue of which contains his debate with Sartre on existentialism. During the war Duthuit broadcast from America to England and France on the OWI's "Voice of America."

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last year a little magazine of strongly bourgeois tendency published the text of his *Justine* in full.

The public taste for aberration, vertigo and perdition exists elsewhere than in the field of obscenity: it is to be found in politics. Here an author who writes under the name of Abiéllo (*Heureux les Pacifiques*) has recently made a comeback after having been compromised as an Axis-collaborating intellectual. Returning from his adventures Right and Left, he is peddling a host of predictions on the end of the world, which is much on people's minds. He is so well-versed in the occult sciences, also much in vogue, that his success was a foregone conclusion.

Henry de Montherlant has his followers. The spirit of the Resistance is not dead, far from it; but if the public is forsaking Resistance poets, it is because they turned out to be slighter than they seemed under the pall of the Occupation or the fire of action. Now a counter-Resistance movement, at first shamefacedly disguised, is emerging in force; it supplies Montherlant, this gaudy master of falsity, with yet another mask, winning him applause which his merits alone could not command.

Inevitably Jules Romains has brought out his twenty-fourth volume for readers of good will, who are apparently legion. Romains is as avidly read as Roger Martin du Gard, which is saying a good deal. The public likes large-scale work, solid fare, something it can sink its teeth into.

In certain circles *La Meute,* the final episode of a Balzacian epic for concierges by one Paul Viallar, utterly unknown to the literate, sells far better than Sartre's novels. The public obeys laws of which the higher criticism takes no account.

An exception must be made for Albert Camus, whose *La Peste* is purely occasional. This pest spreads over more than three hundred pages of dialogue and horrors, but Camus does a serious, well-turned job. Here are a vast ambition and a vast effort expended to prove that by struggling against death we can best respond to the demands of life, even though life is a curse and a scourge. These intellectuals! What a lack of political and social experience after all the trials France has endured! Have they no children? If we are meant to rely on them for the high social festival of tomorrow, we shall have long to wait. Meanwhile the good old public is waiting and reading what comes its way. For amusement, it goes to see the plays of Feydeau, a farce writer of the nineties, and laughs its head off. That is an encouraging sign.

Everything seems to conspire in favor of André Malraux. A genuine Resistant, he has kept the respect of many Leftists, though of course the Communists have attacked him violently. On the other hand, his passionate espousal of de Gaulle's cause has assured him the support of the Right. It is likely that he believes it was de Gaulle who rallied to *him.*

Dramatic feeling, passion and eloquence are in Malraux's favor; he is forgiven all his sins of haste and incoherence and his jumble of commonplaces and insights. With feverish and precipitous enthusiasm, he gives his readers the illusion that he has created a synthesis (acceptable at long last) of the pressing yet confused desires, of the ideas barely outlined and of the unsatisfied needs for grandeur and action in a period which, wholly devoid of any politico-ethical system, clings desperately to the testimony of its past. Specialists may shrug their shoulders over Malraux's *Psychologie de l'Art,* but the book has been greeted by Frenchmen with a fervor that no previous book on art ever aroused. Even Maurice Nadeau, a rather hostile critic, is forced to recognize that our great wizard voices the tragic temptation and the obscure hope of our country: to know our age amid fury and tears in order to condition it to produce the superior men who will one day conquer the fate that governs us.

Until these men are forthcoming and before leaving our Boulevard Raspail bookshop, let us thumb the magazines. After all, this offers the speediest means of gauging the various currents of opinion, the ebb and flow of schools, and the history of groups as they gather and disintegrate.

There is *Les Temps Modernes,* Sartre forever! He would enlist your writer in the proletarian cause to save him from becoming a scribbling flunkey. His position is untenable. His colleagues are either a shade Communist or a whit anti; his subscribers are nonplussed. The magazine abounds in human documents, usually insipid and distasteful. It is an intellectual organ, with speculation and commentary upon current themes, ethical, political or social. Latest reports indicate that its policy is not successful.

There is also *Esprit,* edited by Mounier, of like tendency but in a gentlemanly, Catholic and Resistance way. It proffers a glad hand Leftward and the eternal dialogue between two deaf men ensues.

Moving farther to the Left, we find *Europe,* sponsored by Aragon, which gives us the vast brotherly heart, Man in his entirety and in his several persons, Man with his anonymous face and his unspecified destiny. Officiously Communist, *Europe* finds the going hard. Next, *La Revue Internationale,* directed by Naville, an ex-Surrealist, and Charles Bettelheim, the economist, is part literary, part intimidated Trotskyism. It cultivates orthodox communism for practical reasons, but the review is still struggling for breath.

A return to the Center, to the Right, to the very Ceiling—which of them is it?—brings us to religious periodicals. These include *Les Etudes,* the Jesuit organ; *La Vie Intellectuelle,* the Dominican organ which, like *Témoignages,* published by the Benedictines of La Pierre qui Vire, strains every nerve to achieve modernity, actually publishing Marx, Picasso, Schönberg and the rest. *Jeunesse de l'Eglise* and *Dieu Vivant* also flirt desperately with the heretics in the hope of bringing them into the Mother Church. *Le Cheval de Troie* is edited by Father Bruckberger; it treats of tradition and barbarism, of warnings unheeded, of the clairvoyant

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blind and of the emancipation of labor. Dialogues with agnostics are welcome in its columns. All this represents a hobbled beginning against any attempt at compromise between Catholic thought and political thought. Bernanos, the guiding spirit of this magazine, looks upon himself as Saint Peter's sole and authentic descendant. But let us return to literature.

La Table Ronde is beginning its career with an impressive editorial board: Mauriac, Denis de Rougemont, Thierry Maulnier. Their platform is man's intelligence and the eternal values. Enthroned above the trivial problems of the immediate present, *La Table Ronde* has at one swoop bailed out three men who had been blasted by public opinion and placed on the blacklist of the Writers' National Committee. I refer to Giono, Jouhandeau and especially Montherlant.

La Nef includes some members of the Academy and some interesting names, that is all. *Fontaine,* founded in Algiers in the days of the Resistance, continues its magnificent task; to it and to the recently launched *Transition: 48,* we must look for authors of arresting tales or fantastic sketches who will be famous twenty years from now if the technological progress and the vertical collapse of our economy grant them time to fulfill their promise.

The *Cahiers de la Pléiade* is a well-edited review, directed by Paulhan, the gray eminence in the publishing firm of Gallimard. Paulhan, a high priest of *arrière-pensée,* the great wit of a belated eighteenth century, an insidious ironist and a rod worm-eaten by onetime collaborationists, has just been roundly denounced by Maurice Saillet, who, with Blanchot and Picon, is one of the best critics of our times.

Finally, among the magazines which hordes of future tourists will relish, *Paru* offers a handy tool for cursory information, supplying an all-over bibliography and an all-over chronicle of publishing activities. It leaves the reader dizzy. Without stooping to light literature, each month it recommends to the candid reader an average of fifteen novels, a half-dozen works of or about poetry, the same number of books on the theater and the cinema, a vast quantity of works on culture and civilization, innumerable translations, memoirs, literary notes, works of religious or anti-religious philosophy, etc., etc. Happy hunting!

ANDRE MASSON, *France*
"Bison," from *Saisons;* Editions du Pavois.
Courtesy Geo. Wittenborn & Co.

And there is plenty of hunting with, to be sure, quite a few works of compilation and at second-hand, but also with numerous books that demand the widest learning and the most acute intelligence. They are all eagerly awaited and eagerly read, for everybody feels the need of gaining knowledge and of establishing at least an orientation, if not a conviction. Authors from abroad are being published by the score: Arthur Koestler, Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence, George Orwell, Carson McCullers, Richard Wright, John Steinbeck, Victor Kravchenko. We cannot foretell the result, but we can realize, by instinct rather than by fact, that somewhere latent in the French consciousness there are forces which seek to rise from the river bed and which are slowly transfusing amid a turbid water, muddy perhaps, but golden, sparkling and filled with promise. For those who expect the bounds of social law to keep them in line, there are clear signs of a search for a possible unity which has nothing whatever to do with external law; it is, rather, a stubborn resistance to political tyranny and to economic ossification.

It is encouraging to note that readers are tired to death of apprentice

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popular leaders. Even when they write in verse, their magniloquence, their superficiality, their vehemence made to order, or their ludicrous earnestness, surfeit us.

There is a general desire for coöperation; we have done with the times when each worked in his own laboratory with his own test tubes on his own specialty. Scientists like Bachelard, who in *La Terre* is pursuing his study of material imagination, are employing mathematics, physics and even alchemy to substantiate their judgments of poetry. Psychoanalysis, psychiatry and occultism are invoked, sometimes very much to the point, in the appraisal of a painter's or a writer's functions. Wearied of being damned for their lack of wit and charm, the philosophers are striving to drape their theses in spectacular cloaks of images woven by others or perilously of their own making. This applies to Gabriel Marcel and Brice Parain as novelists and to Jean Wahl as poet. By and large, we have not got beyond the stage of confusion. Nevertheless, these attempts at blending forms of expression previously considered incompatible are producing curious adventures in coalescence to which neither writers, artists nor the enlightened public are indifferent.

CAGLI, *Italy*
Lithograph from Trente Disegni, Edizioni d'Arte Amilcare Pizzi Milano. Courtesy M. Knoedler & Co.

The poets go their own way without guides or embarrassing spectators. Thanks to them, and no matter what their political affiliations, words—and feelings—have not been compromised. Classicism numbers a host of stalwart and talented champions among the critics, with Corneille in the ascendant, but the shadow of surrealism lies heavy over everything.

A new romanticism is undoubtedly coming to the fore; uncertain as to form, it is clearly hostile to vagueness but less strict about excesses. It boasts of maintaining absolute liberty in presentation, freedom in invention and independence in the combination of words.

The themes of these works are such as might be expected in a godless period wrenched and torn by the conflicting desires of the individual and the masses. These themes either fluctuate around a staggering query or they forgo reality more or less handsomely, mostly less.

There is a revolt against elemental forces and the oppression modern society inflicts upon man. (Aimé Césaire illustrates this.) Or else, in tribute to a possible happiness, there are dreams fluttering in the breeze and delicately tinted with airy, vaporous, fugitive images. (André Breton illustrates that.) Then, by way of suffering and personal anguish amid general desolation, there is Antonin Arthaud, who has just died. Night within and without, the conflict between the forces of light and those demonic forces which perhaps are also factors in the emancipation of mankind: all this stamps the work of Pierre-Jean Jouve. Henri Michaux offers a lakeless, mountainless, airless realm of absurd logic and cruel irony; as his world becomes narrower, fewer and fewer people visit it.

War on War! Down with infamous society! Up with the big cleansing wind! Long live the words that give punch to love! Such is the burden of Henri Pichette's song. Pichette is our latest poetical "find" (*Apoèmes, Epiphanies*). His technique and feelings

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ENGLAND'S OLD YOUNG MEN

by W. S. Graham

RECENT WRITING in Britain is in a situation which, if not promising for the future, is sufficiently interesting to be analyzed for its very shortcomings and seeming lack of direction. In a very real way it can be said that the novelists of the thirties are the novelists of the forties. With the special exception of Aldous Huxley, whose reputation has suffered an almost total eclipse in recent years, an eclipse unrelieved by the publication of *Time Must Have a Stop,* the promising novelists of the thirties—Elizabeth Bowen, Graham Greene, I. Compton-Burnett, Evelyn Waugh and Christopher Isherwood—persist in a diligent but curiously unexciting way to hold their public.

But none of these established writers, with the possible exception of Miss Compton-Burnett, seems to have developed beyond his earlier magnitude. In her recent novel, *Elders and Betters,* she is still ruling with her special stylistic authority that odd domain of domestic evil which she early staked out for herself in English fiction. Perhaps her insistence, not unlike Graham Greene's, on an elaborate and artificial plot structure compensates for the insecurity of being cut off from a stable scheme of morality.

A situation parallel to that of the novelists is discernible among the poets of the thirties who are still writing. If anything, however, they have lost ground, and the present diminished stature of the poets of the generation of Auden, Spender, MacNeice and Lewis reflects an even more serious decline than that of the novelists I have mentioned.

The poets, dropping their early theme of responsibility toward historical change (they now see it as more complex in its components and more recalcitrant to poetic amalgamation than they had suspected), are today faced with the often unrewarding task of making an exciting poetry out of their personal search for a meaningful direction.

Among the novelists of the older group, Elizabeth Bowen—since the death of Virginia Woolf the obvious heir to the position of leading woman novelist—seems of late peculiarly preoccupied with the subjective materials of family history and autobiography. Her more recent fiction suggests nothing more than a consolidation of her previous achievement. Huxley, although the master, in a sense, of the satiric mode employed by Evelyn Waugh and Christopher Isherwood, has been outdistanced by his pupils. Isherwood's later work, while more "professional" and deft, has never realized the potentially brilliant social analysis suggested by such early novels as *The Last of Mr. Norris.* Nevertheless, even in his thinnest writing Isherwood achieves a dimension of contemporary "reality" which neither Waugh nor Huxley ever renders, however topical his subject. This may very well be the result of Isherwood's early political interests.

Waugh, curiously enough, while even more popular than in the thirties and still the darling of the intellectuals, has never fully developed that element of humanity which gave his earlier books an emotional wholeness more convincing than his present heavy-handed travesties of society. Cyril Connolly, who has published Waugh's new novelette, *The Loved One,* in *Horizon,* endorses the work as "one of the most perfect short novels and the most complete of his creations." I feel, on the contrary, that it marks a definite contraction in Waugh's powers. For while this satire of the California (and hence presumably American) mentality is written with more than Waugh's customary precision and economy, he reveals himself in the end as lacking that imaginative compassion which throws the most savage satire into still bolder relief. This failure of constructive insight shows itself even in his choice of subject—the elaborate and prettifying burial customs of upper-middle-class California society.

Connolly sees this entertaining novel as an exposure of "materialist society at its weakest spot"; it is really more an exposure of Waugh's own weaknesses as a novelist. Waugh presents the satire in skeletal form without taking the trouble to vitalize or flesh his jerky caricatures. The difference between a novel like Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby,* also written in the aftermath of a great war and a brilliant exposure of a materialist era, and Waugh's malicious probings into the obscenities of the mortuary business is the difference between adult irony and undergraduate parody. Graham Greene, again, while still popular with both the general reading public and the intellectuals, clings to the security of his by now formularized mixture of psychological terror, detective-story intrigue and a rather conventional romanticism.

It has become fashionable in cer-

W. S. Graham, poet and critic (and engineer), was born in Greenock at Clydeside, Scotland, in 1918. He is the author of three books of verse, Seven Journeys, Cage without Grievance *and* Second Poems. *A fourth book,* The White Threshold, *is to be published this summer by Faber and Faber in England. Last year Graham was awarded an Atlantic Award in Literature and at present is teaching in the Adult Education Division of New York University. His verse has appeared in the* Sewanee Review, Poetry, Circle *and* Halcyon. *During the war Graham worked as an engineer in England.*

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tain circles to denigrate Arthur Koestler's recent production as superior journalism. But the intellectual resilience with which he takes hold of large and universally significant themes in contemporary experience should place him considerably above that level. He exhibits a philosophical grasp which has been, for the most part, outside the experience of the narrower discipline of the English novelist. *Thieves in the Night* is at once an exposition of his great merits and his equally serious deficiencies as a novelist. In it he courageously explores a provocative and even dangerous contemporary issue and exposes himself to the risks of the kind of prophecy that any day's newspaper headline can contravene. Yet he manages, in spite of his weak characterization and by the very complexity of his intellectual conception, to make a valid statement in the terms of our times.

One looks to the younger writers of fiction for a sign of some revitalizing principle, and one is dismayed by the tentative and fumbling insecurity evidenced in the narrow autobiographical preoccupations that comprise the bulk of their work. Two exceptions are Henry Green and Alex Comfort, the latter already known for his poetry.

Green's latest novel, *Loving,* is an advance in both theme and technique over his brilliant *Caught,* which used the background of the London blitz to point the hero's tragedy. In *Caught* Green developed a style that relied chiefly on visual images of violent and intense coloring. Through this technique he contrived to suggest the almost apocalyptic holocaust of warfare in a modern city. In *Loving,* about the complicated emotional relationships of English servants marooned in an Irish castle during the war, Green heightens his visual perception to a point of almost magical delicacy and transparency. His work now suggests latent resources of vitality and curiosity that may lure his eager imagination into as yet unpredictable explorations.

Alex Comfort's latest novel, *The Power House,* is a radical attack on the ethical and psychological structure of politics and war. He is at once the most intellectually ambitious and the most technically aware of the novelists under thirty. He applies all the disciplined intuitions of a poet to the philosophical consideration of the moral possibilities available for a good society in our time. His perceptive recreation in *The Power House* of the problems of anarchism revealed in their rich human complexity is a far cry in sophistication from the didactic political novels of the thirties.

Other interesting newcomers whom I have space only to mention are P. B. Newby, whose intellectual grasp in his novel, *Journey to the Interior,* is remarkable for one still in his early twenties; Humphrey Slater, whose

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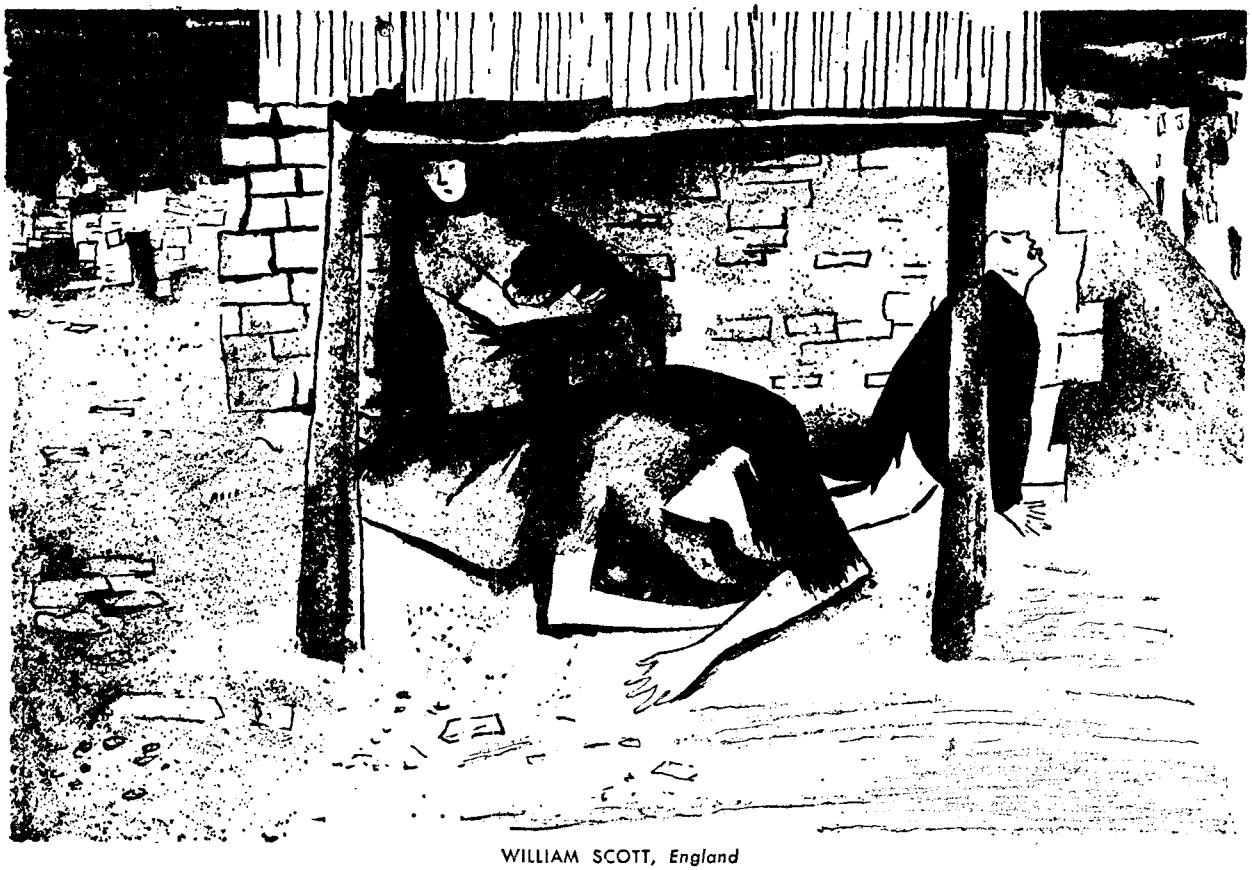

WILLIAM SCOTT, *England*

From *Soldiers' Verse*, Frederick Mueller, Ltd., London. Courtesy Geo. Wittenborn & Co. and Picture Collection N. Y. Public Library

The Heretics and *Conspirator* have already been published in the United States; and Frank Baker, whose ambitious *Before I Go Hence* has been linked to the preoccupations of Virginia Woolf by virtue of its compulsive consideration of the problem of Time.

As for the poets of the moment, while it is impossible to perceive in them any sign of a common theme, one does find a more sensitive and conscientious response to the war than the novelists have shown.

All of them seem willing, each in his own terms, to accept individual guilt and responsibility both for the war and the defeats of victory. Dylan Thomas is the most emotionally and technically gifted of the poets who have responded in this way. In *Deaths and Entrances,* his latest collection, an earlier more turgid manner has been simplified to the purposes of a clear, dignified and elegiac tone as in the already well-known "A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London" and "Ceremony After a Fire Raid"—("Forgive/ Us forgive/ Us your death that . . . ")—"Dawn Raid," and the magnificent title poem. He is rhetorically the most exciting poet to appear in England for at least two generations. Still one could wish in Thomas the development of a clearer intellectual direction than his poems to this time reveal.

George Barker, himself indebted to Thomas in his use of the surrealist image, has in his last book, *Eros in Dogma,* revealed an increasing intellectual power in dealing with complicated love relationships. He is remarkably dexterous in maintaining a tension between his romantic use of language and his analytical probings.

Vernon Watkins, a Welshman like Thomas, shows in his recent *The Lamp and the Veil* a similar wish to forge a personal poetic vocabulary welded together by a Celtic reliance on myth and magic. He is the ablest young exponent of a use of legend similar to that of W. B. Yeats's middle period. The Scottish poet and critic, Edwin Muir, who, with his wife, is known for exceptionally able translations of Franz Kafka, has produced in his latest collection of poems, *The Voyage,* a curious fusion of an archaic style reminiscent of William Blake with a thoroughly modern and philosophically informed sensibility. Compared with the more richly sensuous texture of the poetry of England and Wales, Muir's diction seems cold and northern in its austerity.

Cities, Plains and People is a second collection of poetry by a comparative newcomer, Lawrence Durrell, (see above), who had already won some attention for himself by his Joycean prose experiment, *The Black Book.* Durrell's verse, reflecting knowledge of the Near East, is flooded with the sunlit and open dignity of Greek landscape and with its spiritual associations. Henry Reed's *A Map of Verona,* published a little more than a year ago, has already made a considerable stir and has been pronounced by some critics to be the offspring of Eliot's later blank-verse

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style. It is a reflective poetry written with a masterly off-handedness.

Although I may be open to accusations of personal interest, it is my belief that, on the whole, the future of English poetry is brighter than that of English fiction. I am too close to this situation to be able to assign reasons for it, but I believe that the best creative energies in England just now are flowing into channels of poetry.

THE POETIC RESPONSIBILITY

by Robert Fitzgerald

ALLEN TATE'S POEMS are beautiful examples of what a hard, select intelligence can press out of rather deathly insights—but insights that are self-consistent and profound. I would send the reader of his collection (*Poems: 1922-1947*; Scribner's, $2.50) straight to "Seasons of the Soul," a sequence dated 1944, for some of the most highly wrought and combustive verse of the past ten years; by "combustive" I mean that at the third or fourth reading the passion behind it begins to seem more extraordinary than the wry and perfect surface.

In his poetry, Tate traverses a hall of metaphysical fears and memorial pities, at one end of which is The South and at the other The Abyss. In The South are The Ancestors and The Blood; the figures, including his own, that people the hall are never far from a door known as The Grave; a desiccated Crucifix appears as a perpetually baffling item of decor; accusing furies and nightmare presences dimly illumine the scene with sunset or supernatural light; the rigid poet gives greeting to all and, occasionally, paces away from Hell or The Past into a public world of corrupt but magisterial America or Augustan Rome.

All this seems hotly as well as ironically experienced. So powerful are the images and so impeccable, at its best, is the delivery, that it is long before we ask whether in some cases the work of vision has not been performed by, rather than in, a classic literary convention. When the verse falls below its usual quality one of two things is wrong with it: either it is over-niggled, over-loaded, "made," forced into surprises that are duds, or the conceits and phrasing are excessively Latinized and smack of standard metaphysical poetry. But this grows rare in Tate's mature work.

In the highest poetry I think it is not difficult to see that there is an element that can be called responsible

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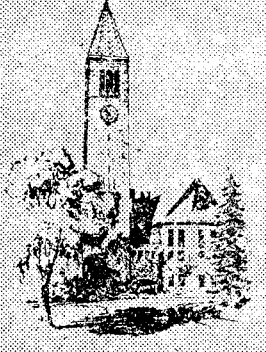

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revelation. This does not mean that any single lyric need have the slightest didactic quality; it simply means that within the poet's work we are aware of a serious attention to existence, to the burden of emotions as they are. Now, whenever this intensity is present we become ourselves subject to the judgment it implies. It is no longer a matter of our merely enjoying the work of art; it is a matter of our taking in, as well, a knowledge of life that chastens and vivifies our own.

Tate's finest poems are of this order; they are faultless lyrics, and they impose astringent judgments upon the world and time we inhabit. Our nature as Americans is a divided nature, and if we listen carefully we may learn from this Tennessean accurate symbols of the guilt that returns and returns to us ("When I was ten I told a stinking lie/That got a black boy whipped . . ."). The mind that realizes guilt possesses maturity and speaks with authority against the worst of Man's self-deceptions ("Life grown sullen and immense/Lusts after immunity to pain") or, with a different inflection, laments his lack of either pride or repentance and his inability to conceive redemption:

> For the drying God above
> Hanged in his windy steeple,
> No longer bears for us
> The living wound of love. . . .

Tate's writing would be too unrelievedly intellectual if it were not resilient with lines that make us feel the sting of a man's living senses and the thud of his heart:

> On the flowered wall all the sweet afternoon,
> The reaching sun, swift as the cottonmouth,
> Strikes at the black crucifix on her breast. . . .
>
> When little boys grown patient at last weary,
> Surrender their eyes immeasurably to the night,
> The event will rage terrific as the sea....

He is capable, too, of a lyricism that is almost anguished, of melodies that hover like a virtuoso's fiddling near the point of silence or screeching:

> In the hollows where the forefathers
> Without beards, their faces bright and long,
> Lay down at sunset by the cool river
> In the tall willows amid birdsong. . . .

Against these passages, and others like them, no trivial or forgetful conceptions of life and history can stand up. And this, or I am greatly mistaken, is the first value and excellence of such poetry.

Death, the elaborate death that busied the European imagination after the plagues and has paralyzed ours in our littered time, draws Tate like a vortex, a black hole like that into which Tolstoy's Ivan Ilyitch felt himself being stuffed. Infinite space, "the punctilious abyss," fascinates him, too. The awe permanently due these subjects, and the ability of the poet, compel us to follow him, as Dante followed Virgil:

> Down, down, until down is up,
> And there is nothing in the eye . . .

But well-founded as such a dread may be, it has also, recurring as it does in this poetry, the air of a luxury, one of those "lusts and luxuries" of thought that Eliot once mentioned. I said Tate's insights were deathly, and this is what I meant. Either a great sense of life or a clear metaphysics will teach us not only that the heavens are terrifying but that it is a privilege to look at them. There is no tragedy without transcendence. If this distinguished poet had held more surely to tragic breadth and balance, we might think he had encompassed more than a predicament, had created a larger world.

Such a poetry would, I concede, seem breath-taking in our time; but, as we look before and after and pine for what is not, we may as well go the whole hog. Tragic poetry exists; so does epic poetry. During the war and the occupation of France, two French women, Simone Weil and Rachel Bespaloff, independently studying *The Iliad*, wrote essays that are each in its way reminders of the wonderful Homeric quality. Mlle. Weil's essay was translated and printed in *Politics*; Mme. Bespaloff's essay has now been published (*On the Iliad*; Pantheon Books, $2.50) in an English version by the same resourceful translator, Mary McCarthy.

I have space here only to say that this book is about the best thing I have ever read on the art of Homer and that unless you have tasted the poem in Greek, Mme. Bespaloff will serve better than the translations to convey how distant, how refined an art it was. To stress the "mythical" nature of the Homeric poems appears to be the best way for the contemporary mind to take hold of them, and Hermann Broch's introduction to this essay puts it intelligently, likening Homer's dawnlike detachment and coolness of effect to the wise, abstract music composed by Bach in old age.

It almost certainly would be absurd to expect anything like either Homer or Bach from any living artist. Nevertheless the texts are there, the spirit lives and is unpredictable, and these considerations make me wish to qualify somewhat the agreement I feel with W. H. Auden. In his recent aphorisms, Auden breezily but sharply pierces the vanity and confusion that have enabled poets to take their work as a religion. He takes it as a game, himself, and very nearly as a sin. This is salutary, but it leads him to talk a little nonsense in lowering the dignity that poetry may rightly aspire to. Auden has been a godsend to English verse and knows whereof he speaks about making it. His position is likely to be misunderstood, however, by people who do not realize that to hold the Christian faith, as Auden does, is a stupendous matter, in comparison with which the greatest art may seem frivolous.

Auden's essay is one of four in *Poets at Work* (Harcourt, Brace; $2.75), concerned with the way in which poems actually get written. The four essayists were invited last summer to examine a large number of poets' work-sheets collected by the

---

Robert Fitzgerald is the author of Poems and A Wreath for the Sea. At present he is translating Sophocles' "King Oedipus," in collaboration with Dudley Fitts.

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Lockwood Memorial Library at the University of Buffalo. Karl Shapiro's study, though it wanders a bit before getting started, contains some valuable analysis of stages in the composition of poems by Hart Crane and William Carlos Williams. Rudolf Arnheim's discussion of the material from a psychologist's point of view is properly tentative and suggestive. The essay by Donald Stauffer seems to me the best in the book because it reports, in a close and consecutive way, on the persistent study of a variety of manuscripts. Almost all gave evidence of "a drive toward impersonality and concreteness, away from sentiment and autobiography," and of a process which Stauffer describes, in a phrase taken from R. P. Blackmur, as "chance flowering into choice."

Blackmur is chiefly known as a critic and a very good one, but he is also a rich and quiet workman with poetic language. His small, third garnering of verse (*The Good European*; Cummington Press, $5) deserves a better reading than it is likely to get in the falsely medieval type in which it has been printed. Take, as an instance of his ripe epigrammatic power, one of thirteen "Scarabs" dated 1945:

Shambles come ready-made these years, are found
wherever man has stood, and lost, his ground.
So the wide world. It is no otherwise
within the narrow ward where each man lies
apart, his own breathing a shamble-sound.

The third collection of Randall Jarrell's poems (*Losses*; Harcourt, Brace, $2) deserves far more extended analysis than I can give it here. I know of very little poetry that is more alive, resilient and artistically awake; Jarrell's rhetorical capacity is large, and I believe he is the only poet of his generation who has been able to assimilate, use and thoroughly emerge from the bedazzlements of Auden's verse.

By contrast with Allen Tate, to whom his first book was dedicated six years ago, Jarrell is an impersonal writer, a technician of effects, and indeed in some sense a more literary writer. But literary at such a height of concentration, and with such a range of effects! Fictional and dramatic modes are coming into his service, and the responsive reader will certainly find in this volume instances of that absolute success, or magic, whereby great artificers bring us into a world so painfully clarified that it seems there is nothing more to say. "The Child of Courts," "Moving," "Stalag Luft," and especially "When I Was Home Last Christmas," have this quality.

There are odd failures among these poems—a poor dramatic monologue called "Money," a few over-obvious exercises in versification, even a lazy bit of rhyming ("wars" with "stars")—which rather ingratiate and reassure us as to the fallibility of a talent that seems elsewhere so professional.

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RADIO: New World to Conquer

TELEVISION is taking much of the sting out of the old-line radio reviewer's acidity. In the face of real progress he has to become sweeter, even if by so doing he runs the risk of accusations that he has sold out to "the interests." NBC's second television safari into Arturo Toscanini's studio is one instance. Another is CBS's backstage tours of New York's theaters for a new show called "Tonight on Broadway" (Tuesday, 7 p.m.).

It is impossible to remain cynical when NBC's cameras repeat the marvel of their first television Toscanini broadcast. Even the music critics had to admit that video's perceptive cameras gave an extra dimension to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

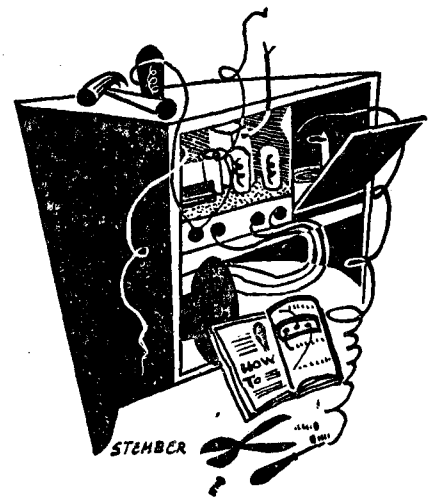
CBS's "Tonight on Broadway," at its opening behind the curtain of "Mr. Roberts," was no such miracle of perfection as NBC's intimate look at Toscanini. But like the NBC show, it had something to say about television's vast potentialities.

The CBS program is supposed to "integrate" the oldest of the theatrical media with the newest. In addition to showing several scenes from the play visited, it brings before the cameras other relevant people who never appear on stage. These may be the writer of the drama, the director or the stage manager. There were flaws of omission and commission during that CBS première on Broadway. But they were minor and almost certainly will not be evident in the next showing. If the man interviewing the playwright obstructs the subject with his own right shoulder, or if some of the questions he asks are a little on the light-headed side—you know that won't happen again. For, unlike radio, television has proved that it can learn. Radio, in its learning stage, went forward by arithmetic progression—too often, when it added two to two, it came out with surprising answers. Television's progress is, by comparison, geometric.

It's true that the cameras have been going where high talent is already established. I see nothing wrong with that. Henry Fonda as "Mr. Roberts" against Jo Mielziner's solid stage sets is certainly much better entertainment than a hastily recruited cast, insufficiently rehearsed, playing in front of papier-mâché make-believe slapped together in a television studio. After a period of experimentation, the television camera—like Hollywood's—will undoubtedly learn where it can do its work best, and how. Meanwhile the viewer seeing these forward steps is not being pained or bored en route. Television, on the whole, may not yet have arrived, but it is certainly on the way.

By contrast, radio is resting. One new program that has been on for several weeks now is inclined to be adventurous. That is Mutual's nightly "Newsreel" (Mondays to Fridays, 9:15 p.m.). Here radio is using its possibilities to wander around where news is hottest, record the principals concerned and bring them onto the air from the many originating points made possible by a network that claims nearly 500 affiliates. "Newsreel" goes where the news broke this afternoon or is likely to break several hours hence.

On it, you may hear the President's remarks in Washington at a press con-



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ference this morning, an excerpt from Henry A. Wallace's speech somewhere else an hour ago, both sides in a union dispute that may bring a nationwide strike at midnight, an athlete who ran away with a sports event, or the lone survivor of a disastrous plane crash.

But on the entertainment front, the two latest, sizable additions to radio have nothing particular to commend them. One is "Stop the Music," taking up a full hour on the ABC network Sunday nights, between eight and nine. To keep you from wandering over to NBC, where at that time you might pick up Charlie McCarthy followed by Fred Allen, ABC offers prizes. They are fabulous. There is also good, popular music—conducted by one of the best in his field, Harry Salter. But the music can be interrupted at any time, and is, to shower Kaiser automobiles and Knabe pianos on people. It's just a big grab-bag.

Over CBS Sunday nights, at 9:30, there is a new "drama" starring Mickey Rooney as "Shorty Bell," who is dying to be a newspaper reporter. There is a dame who sounds luscious, and he dies for her too. CBS is reported spending $10,000 a week for this "novel of the air." It's too much.

Several books on my table need mention. One is *Radio News Writing* (McGraw-Hill; $2.75), by William F. Brooks, NBC's vice-president in charge of news and international relations. Intended primarily as a textbook for radio-workshop students at Columbia University, it is authoritative and pedagogically correct. For the layman, the volume may have some interest in its professions of high principles by an officer of our most powerful network. Brooks performs a serviceable job, and takes every inch of the status quo for granted. So does his network when it comes to news coverage.

There are two books that give you an insight into television's complex technology. One, for technicians only, is *Television Simplified* (Van Nostrand; $6), by Milton S. Kiver. The other, *Television Encyclopedia* (Fairchild; $6.50), is full of non-technical information about a difficult field. It is

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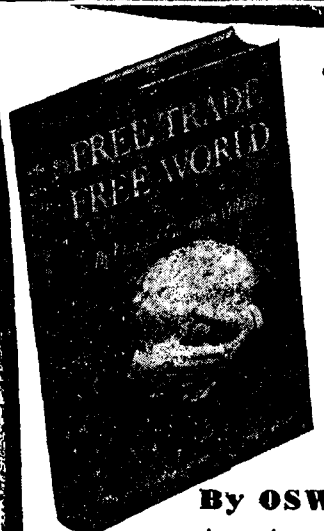

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by Stanley F. Kempner, who, as a radio and television editor early on the scene, has seen video grow. He understands its details and knows how to relay that understanding succinctly.

Finally, purporting to cover the entire gamut of broadcasting, there is Eugene Konecky's *American Communications Conspiracy* (People's Radio Foundation; $1). It is a badly written, inaccurately researched job and may do a disservice to labor-union leaders or radio directors of progressive organizations who might be tempted to use it as gospel because of its auspices.

People's Radio Foundation was organized in New York a few years ago to try to get a license for FM broadcasting. The license did not go through. PRF dissolved, but ordered this Konecky work as a memorial.

One using Konecky as text would rattle off a horribly dated list of "missing" liberal commentators, say that the defunct Philadelphia *Record* owns WCAU in that city (it is owned by the *Bulletin*), charge an interest in the ABC network to Henry R. Luce (he sold that interest almost three years ago), quote this department inexactly, or take a fallacious position on the broadcaster's itch to editorialize. PRF deserved a better monument.

SAUL CARSON

MUSIC: Operatic Gagster

THE REVIVAL at the New York City Center of two of his earlier operas, "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amelia Goes to the Ball," firmly establishes Gian-Carlo Menotti as America's No. 1 musical jokester. With "The Medium" and "The Telephone" scheduled to open in London this week after a six-month run in New York and a successful cross-country junket, Menotti is probably the only operatic composer in the world—except Wagner, Verdi and Puccini—with four works simultaneously on the boards.

Menotti's formula is a simple one, except that you have to be Menotti to turn the trick. He seizes upon an amusing basic gag, and then allows it to blossom in words and music, both of which he writes. Whenever he can, he directs the staging. The result is an all-Menotti job, in which the musical, literary and theatrical elements work completely together.

Except for "The Medium," which is an eerie atmosphere piece about a spiritualist who thinks the tables have been turned on her by a deaf-mute, and his one "grand" opera, "The Island God," a swift failure at its Metropolitan première, all of Menotti's operas are farcical exposés of the alleged foibles of women. "The Telephone" depicts a young woman so enamored of long telephone conversations that her swain cannot get a proposal in edgewise until he goes out to a phone booth and approaches her over the wire. "The Old Maid and the Thief" shows the lengths to which Miss Todd will go for the sake of a handsome young tramp—on whose behalf she pilfers the church treasury and raids the local liquor store—only to see him run off at the end with her pretty maid. The heroine of "Amelia Goes to the Ball" is intent upon getting to the most fashionable rout of the season. A bloody battle between her husband and her lover leaves her unmoved, inasmuch as it also provides her with a willing escort in the person of the chief of police.

"The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amelia Goes to the Ball" belong in a twilight zone somewhere between opera and musical comedy. Of the two, "The Old Maid" is closer to popular Broadway entertainment. Originally written as a one-hour radio opera on a commission from CBS, it tells its story colloquially in a series of quick flash scenes. It reaches its triumphant moment during the robbery of the liquor store, when a rumbling sound in the music brings Miss Todd up short. "I hear someone coming!" she

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exclaims. "It's only the orchestration," replies her maid.

"Amelia Goes to the Ball," a memento of Menotti's post-student days at the Curtis Institute, reveals the Italian origin of his style, which has by now become thoroughly Americanized. Given over to formal arias and ensembles, "Amelia" stems from the traditions of Italian *opera buffa,* suggesting particularly the frothy lyric-coloratura wit of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, composer of "The Secret of Suzanne." Although it seems more carefully composed than "The Old Maid," "Amelia" is a hothouse plant. The music is obviously an importation, and the words, translated from the Italian, are sometimes clumsy in their relation to the music—a fault from which the later Menotti operas are notably free.

Atoning for its visual mayhem against "Pelléas et Mélisande" a fortnight before, the New York City Opera did handsomely by Menotti. The settings were fanciful and gay, and under Menotti's direction both operas were bubbling and swift-moving, if unnecessarily inclined to slapstick. The performances of the principals—notably of Frances Yeend and Walter Cassel in "Amelia" and Marie Powers, Virginia MacWatters and Norman Young in "The Old Maid"—refuted the notion that the same people can never both sing and act well. The two operas, however, do not make a satisfactory double bill, for Menotti repeats himself musically a good deal. During the overture to "Amelia," which came second, I had the uncomfortable feeling that the first opera was about to be done again.

There is not much point in speculating about the durability of the Menotti operas. At the moment they are a heartening phenomenon, for they indicate that opera can be popular in America when it is conceived and presented with directness and sagacious theatrical imagination. Perhaps the Metropolitan, which has always been the graveyard of American opera, would do well to relinquish the field altogether to the City Center and the Broadway theaters. CECIL SMITH

CORRESPONDENCE

Rent Control

SIR: I should like to call your attention to an error in the article on the new federal rent-control law, in the *New Republic* for April 12. This article says: "Landlords can evict a tenant on sixty days' notice if he refuses to sign a 'voluntary' 15-percent increase."

According to the bill passed by Congress, this is a misstatement of fact. The landlord cannot evict a tenant on the grounds of not signing the "voluntary" 15-percent increase. We all agree the bill is bad enough, but this far the bill did not go in destroying tenants' rights.

The *New Republic* has done an excellent job in presenting the weaknesses of the bipartisan policies regarding both rent control and new housing.

New York City ALFRED K. STERN

[Technically, Mr. Stern is correct, and our statement should not have been made in the form in which it was. Under the new federal law, eviction is possible for: non-payment of rent; creation of a nuisance; and, after 60 days' notice, occupancy by the landlord's immediate family, withdrawal of the property from the rental market, and alterations. In fact, however, the rights of the tenants are so weakened by the new measure that—except in states like New York, which have their own legislation on the subject—it will be difficult for the tenant to remain in possession without a rent increase if the landlord is determined to get rid of him. – THE EDITORS]

Reader's Must

SIR: I can't help it. The *New Republic* has become so vitally American that fighting progressives must, for their own morale and their own efficiency, read every issue from cover to cover.

RUBE BOROUGH, Co-Chairman,
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Los Angeles, Calif.

No Suppressed Poll

An article in the *New Republic* of March 22 referred to a widely circulated report that *Fortune* had completed a poll showing a large potential vote for Wallace but that "no one seems to know when Luce plans to publish this particular poll."

Elmo Roper, who conducts *Fortune's* polls, informs us that a poll on presidential candidates, including Wallace, is still being compiled and that it will be published as soon as schedules permit. – THE EDITORS

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THEATER: Experimental

IN THE HALCYON DAYS of the New York stage (1915-28) it was quite exciting to hie ourselves down to the Provincetown Playhouse on Macdougal Street, to the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, to the Greenwich Village Theater on Sheridan Square, to the Comedy Theater on Forty-first Street, to the Garrick Theater on Thirty-fifth Street, to the New Playwrights on Commerce Street, and even as late as the middle thirties, to the Civic Repertory Theater on West Fourteenth Street. Many of us looked forward to these adventurous jaunts as opportunities to find not only the unusual in stage entertainment but also the best.

It did not matter to us that some of the reviewers at the time took offense at such plays as e. e. cummings' "him" or that a number of the "revolting playwrights," as Woollcott dubbed them, were indigestible. The stuff and nonsense of the side-alley theater raised Cain.

The rebellion not only produced a Eugene O'Neill but so influenced the commercial theater that Brock Pemberton, for instance, would present Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" fairly close to Broadway at the Princess Theater on Thirty-ninth Street.

We did not altogether appreciate what we possessed in those days because we judged each show on its own merits without realizing that ferment and fertility of production are in themselves a sign of health, a promise of those few fine achievements that are later judged to be emblems of a living theatrical culture.

Monopoly has taken over our theater. Monopoly shapes the thought of our artists, audiences, critics. The result is that today when the stranglehold begins to bring a new revolt by vigorous young theater craftsmen, we still think in show-business terms even when we attend performances under

auspices that are admittedly non-commercial.

The new organizations now cropping up tangentially from Broadway ought to be encouraged in every possible way, and not only when some of their productions, as in the cases of "Skipper Next to God" and "The Respectful Prostitute," prove sufficiently sturdy to enter the competitive market. If we demand a hit from every play produced by these new units we shall force a pattern on them that leads to the point where "Strange Bedfellows" is valued above "Galileo." What is needed to preserve the vitality of the new groups is not only "experimental" plays but "experimental" audiences. Let us stop thinking like ticket brokers and movie scouts and we may see productions not only of plays like those of Sartre but plays by a far superior dramatist like Garcia Lorca.

These reflections are provoked by the performance of Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed," which the Fordham University players gave at their campus theater last week. Such reflections seemed even more pertinent at the Experimental Theater's fifth bill of its subscription season at the Maxine Elliott—three one-act plays by American authors.

I cannot say that "Lazarus Laughed"

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offered me much pleasure, since it is not, save for its conception, a good play in any sense of the word. To do it impressively, furthermore, would require the genius of a Max Reinhardt or the nerve of an Orson Welles. Yet I could not help being interested in O'Neill's effort to capture a kind of pantheistic optimism, or being curious about why at that moment of his career —1926—the playwright should have been struggling to sublimate his chronic pessimism. One felt again a genuine respect for the one man among our dramatists whose work represents a persistent quest for faith.

The one-acters at the Experimental Theater were given on a bare stage with a minimum of theatrical allure. The stripped platform seemed a remarkably appropriate environment for the particular plays done. Richard Harrity's "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers" mingles a wry sentimentality with the kind of cockeyed humor that our writers so frequently bring to the subject of hoboes and bums. We can explain this approach by the fact that the play's basic theme is the daring one of hunger and hope. Our theatergoers have never experienced the one and seem to retain only a semblance of the other.

Horton Foote's "Celebration" suffers chiefly from trying to do too much. It attempts a twenty-minute dramatization of an insanity frequently found in the South, where many imagine themselves living in a position they no longer occupy while they dwell in a mess they refuse to recognize. . . . "Afternoon Storm" is a not particularly satisfying illustration of Abe Lincoln's notorious irresolution, by the neglected and talented writer, E. P. Conkle.

I liked the spirit of the Experimental Theater's latest undertaking. It was most in evidence through such sound actors of the younger generation as E. G. Marshall, George Matthews, Lou Gilbert, and the older actor Dan Reed, whose inspired readings of Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* must some day be performed in public.

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Hallelujah!

More than 2,000 children of unemployed farm workers in this area, many of whom have not had enough to eat for weeks, today were promised Easter eggs. – *UP dispatch from Fresno, California.*

No Cause for Alarm

The Army counseled the public today to keep calm if atom bombs should start falling on American cities.

The Medical Corps said that if an A-bomb should hit a city:

"It is by no means true that the entire population would be wiped out, nor is it true that nothing could be done to help the survivors." – *From the Seattle* Times.

Bad for Them

BOMBS HALT
GROWTH
OF CHILDREN

– *Headline in the San Jose* Evening News.

Due Process

When asked whether Negro police could arrest white persons, Chief Herbert Jenkins said:

"My instructions were specific to Negro officers. When they see a white man who should be arrested they are to call the police station, and a squad car with white officers will be sent to make the arrest." – *AP dispatch from Atlanta, Georgia.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clippings. – The Editors

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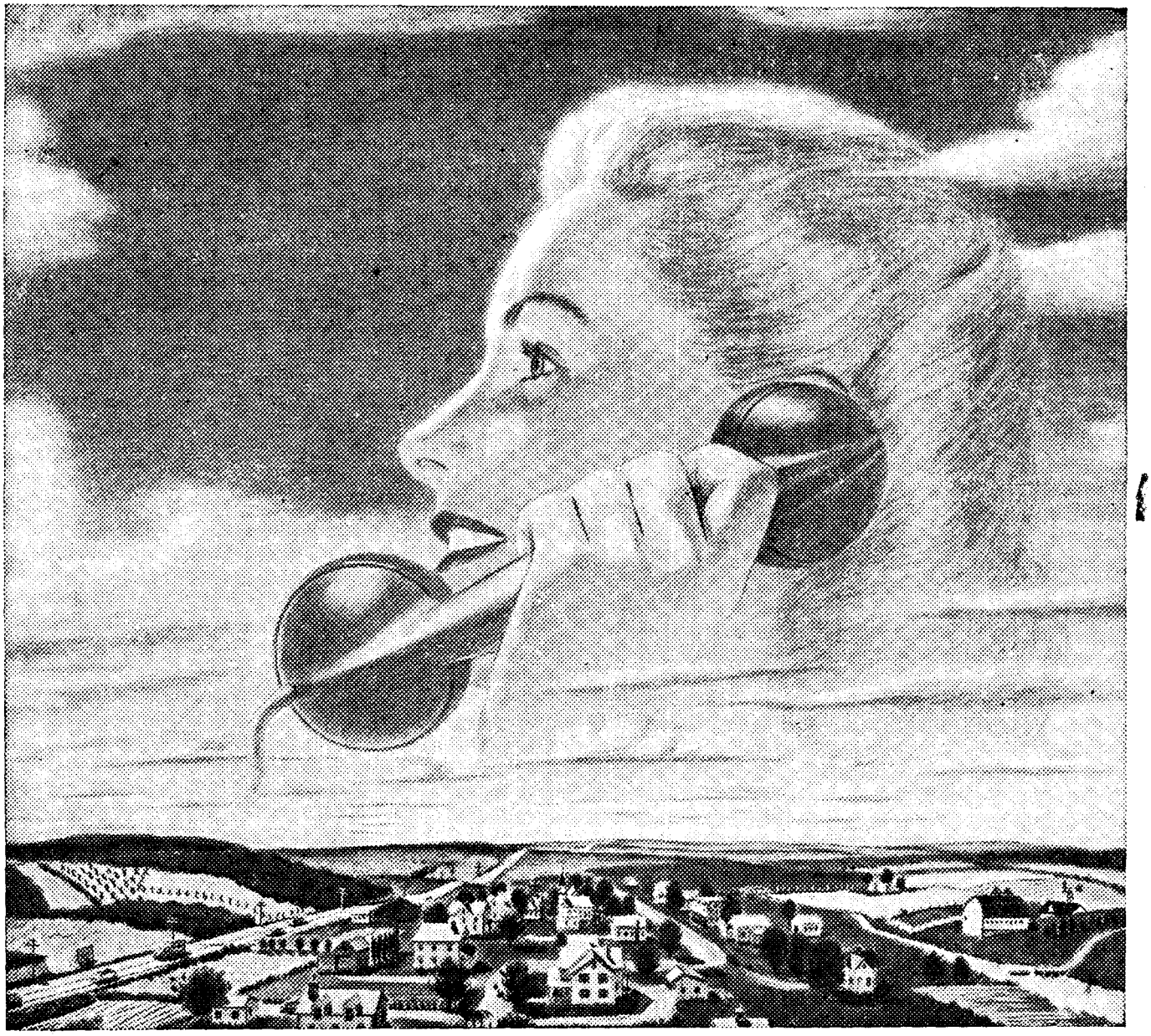

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